

Week ending May 30 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's
Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

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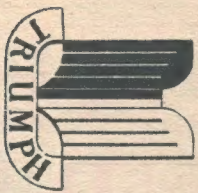
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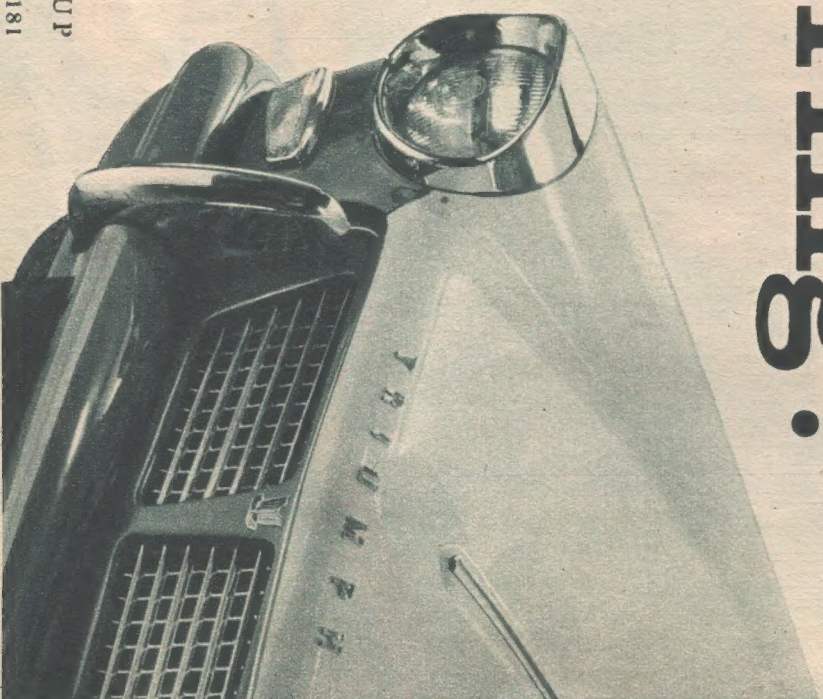


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The Cover



How's that? The teams had taken the field, the batsman was set, and then the bowler was knocked for six—by a pretty face on the boundary. For this is one natural hazard that can stump a player before the game's even begun. Chittock's cover batsman has taken a beating, but like all good Englishmen he's learning that the game is the thing—until a fellow gets bowled over. Of course, it isn't exactly cricket, but this is one of those moments in life when rules don't count—and it's every man for himself

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Women Are Tops

SURELY one of the greatest handicaps a man faces in the modern business world is the widespread, flair-killing theory that if you want to get on you've first got to go through the mill.

The records of many top women in business show that they went straight to the top. There were no ladders to climb, no mills to go through, no empty shoes to wait for. They simply arrived—and successfully stayed—at the top.

My business experience has been that by the time a man has had a "thorough grounding" and "departmental experience" his filing-cabinet mind has become so empty of talent and ideas that he is completely unsuited for the boss's chair.

The sooner more companies take their lead from women in this respect the sooner they will prosper. —MRS. M. S., London, W.1.

Sterling Display

A bank gave me a number of treasury notes on the reverse side of which had been stamped the name, address and telephone number of a local business firm. In even larger letters it was stated that they were "Blankshire's Premier Furnishers."

Surely such defacement of treasury notes is illegal. —C. D., Hampshire.

"An offence was committed in this case," says the Bank of England. "Under the 1928 Currency and Bank Notes Act, a fine of £1 can be imposed for printing, stamping or impressing any words, letters or figures on bank notes."

Out Of Order

I was delighted to read Mr. Mosley's letter about the playwright with the pillionless motor-cycle ("Free Speech," May 2) and, after such a long and pleasant tour, am only sorry to discover that, whilst he was "constantly amused or alarmed" at my exploits, he could not remember that my name was Donald and not John.

As a matter of fact my beloved two-stroke "Swithen" (when we go out it always rains) is rusting at the pavement edge outside my home with a dislocated crank box and a squinting headlamp.

From the proceeds of my play, *Sugar In The Morning* at the Royal Court, Sloane Square, I hope to get her repaired. —DONALD HOWARTH, Earls Court, London, S.W.5.

Music Of The Pit

There is no more melodious singing than that of miners coming up from the pit after a day's work. As the cage comes to the surface the volume increases from a mere whisper to a full-throated outburst.

Eminent musicians concur in asserting that the like is never heard on the concert platform. I never fail to be thrilled by it. —ELIAS EVANS, Penygraig, Rhondda, Glamorgan.

Knock At Night

Your answer to the question about the "nightman" mentioned in a TV show ("Free Speech," May 2) might be true of some towns, but not of Liverpool.

Liverpool's nightman was a public official who arrived, often in top hat and coat, to make sure a house was not overcrowded. At any

hour, children in overcrowded houses would have to hide. This nightman had full legal right of entry. —FRANK SHAW, Nyland Road, Liverpool.

Those L-Tests

Of course L-tests are unfair (JOHN BULL, April 25). There are many instances of small-minded examiners trying to trap candidates and I have had personal experience of it.

When it happened, the examiner not only had to walk home, he also had to come back later for the car because I left him in the car, handed the ignition key in at the testing centre and told them why I had done it. —T. SUTCLIFFE, Sheldon, Birmingham.

No person who passes an L-test can drive a ten-ton lorry, as you stated, without an additional test by the Area Traffic Licensing Authority for a Heavy Goods Vehicle licence. The age limit is twenty-one. —H. C., Taunton, Somerset.

It would be an improvement of the present system to have drivers comprehensively trained at government-sponsored schools, with their all-round competence assessed over a period. —MRS. AUDREY FARLEY, Bradiston Road, London, W.9.

Speed Means Scribble

So secretaries and shorthand typists have better than average writing ("Free Speech," May 2).

I am a shorthand typist and since starting to learn shorthand have found that my writing has deteriorated considerably. The reason? I cannot write quickly enough and consequently my hand seems to get out of control after writing for any length of time.

When I write a letter I have a tendency to revert to shorthand in an effort to speed it up. This means even more delay—caused by tearing up sheets of paper. —MRS. M. JONES, Menai View, Bangor, Carnarvonshire.

Morning Tonic

Let us not get too grumpy, grouchy and hidebound about the giggling girls and bumping boys we send overseas for holidays ("Free Speech," May 2).

A party of schoolgirls bound for a visit to Paris got into my carriage on an overcrowded train to London.

One set-jawed gentleman in the corner gave a horrified look and hid behind his newspaper. The rest of the passengers were glad to start the day amidst happy, smiling children whose eagerness, excited anticipation and enthusiasm were a tonic.

Perhaps merry voices were a little loud and perhaps occasionally our hats were knocked away—but did it matter? —F. J. NASH, Hayes Chase, West Wickham, Kent.

Housewives' Humour

We housewives may be less good-tempered than we were ("Free Speech," April 25), but I don't put

it down to lack of companionship but to the increased tension caused by living in flats.

A flat is never a home in a true sense. We have to share it with strangers who may not be congenial, may be noisy and not so clean.

On the other hand we have to move and speak quietly so as not to disturb others. We are always conscious of other people—and that is what makes us testy. An Englishman's home is not his castle if it is a flat. —MRS. M. P., Hove, Sussex.

When Mrs. Gawthorne was a secretary she was subject to a boss—but as a wife and mistress of a house she feels it's her due to throw her weight around. Thus her apparent change of temperament



merely represents the difference between being bossed around and bossing other people around. —CHARLES MURRAY, Bridge of Orchy, Argyll.

Forced Out

It's small wonder so many of our intelligent young men and women emigrate to other countries. Recently a friend of mine, after becoming a graduate member of the Royal Institute of Chemistry, applied to several English universities for a place.

They all refused his application. Then he wrote to one American university, at Birmingham, Alabama, and they accepted him at once, paying him a substantial grant.

One cannot blame the younger generation for not being patriotic when they don't get a chance at home. —MISS DAWN REYNOLDS, Erdington, Birmingham.

Great Dames

I am about 5 ft. 7 in. tall and middle-aged. When I walk through a crowded street I feel like a dwarf. Almost every girl is taller than me.

Indeed I've noticed that it's more and more common to see short men with tall girls.

Yet I can't help feeling sorry that the tiny, dainty girl has almost disappeared. Our modern misses look astonishingly healthy—but most of them are too hefty for my taste. —STANLEY HARDING, Muirhead Avenue East, Liverpool, 11.

"Children everywhere are taller and heavier than children of the same ages fifty years ago," states the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Education.

"This is almost entirely due to an improvement in child nutrition brought about by the last war," says a doctor.

Used His Loaf

Recently I met an elderly gentleman who, I knew, was going to be married. He told me it was all off. The reason—the lady he'd been going to marry used cut bread.

He said this was a lazy way to buy bread—and he had no intention of marrying a lazy woman. —MRS. MOLLIE GUIVIR, Central Avenue, Southend, Essex.

NEXT WEEK

LIONEL DAVIDSON

makes a personal call on

WOLF MANKOWITZ

Beginning a brilliant new thriller by Daphne du Maurier

THE Fentons were taking their usual Sunday walk along the Embankment. They had come to Battersea Bridge and paused, as they always did, before deciding whether to cross it to the gardens or continue along past the houseboats; and Fenton's wife, following some process of thought unknown to him, said: "Remind me to telephone the Alhusons when we get home, to ask them for drinks. It's their turn to come to us."

Fenton stared heedlessly at the passing traffic. His mind took in a lorry swinging too fast over the bridge, a sports car with a loud exhaust, and a nurse in a grey uniform, pushing a pram containing identical twins with round faces like Dutch cheeses, who turned left along the bridge to Battersea.

"Which way?" asked his wife, and he looked at her without recognition, seized with the overwhelming, indeed appalling, impression that she, like the rest of the people walking along the Embankment or crossing the bridge, were minute, dangling puppets manipulated by a string. The very steps they took were jerking, lopsided, a horrible imitation of the real thing, of what should be; and his wife's face, the china-blue eyes, the too-heavily made-up mouth, the new spring hat set at a jaunty angle, were nothing but a mask painted rapidly by a master-hand—the hand that held the puppets—on the strip of lifeless wood, match-stick wood, from which these marionettes were fashioned.

He looked quickly away from her and down to the ground, hurriedly tracing the outline of a square on the pavement with his umbrella, and pinpointing a blob in the centre of the square.

Then he heard himself saying, "I can't go on."

"What's the matter?" asked his wife. "Have you got a stitch?"

He knew then that he must be on his guard. Any attempt at explanation would lead to bewildered stares from those large eyes, to equally bewildered, pressing questions; and they would turn on their tracks back along the hated Embankment, the wind this time mercifully behind them yet carrying them inexorably towards the death of the hours ahead, just as the tide of the river beside them carried the rolling logs and the empty boxes to some inevitable stinking mud-spit below the docks.

Cunningly he rephrased his words to reassure her. "What I meant was that we can't go on beyond the houseboats. It's a dead end. And your heels"—he glanced down at her shoes—"your heels aren't right for the long trek round Battersea. I need exercise, and

you can't keep up. Why don't you go home? It's not much of an afternoon."

His wife looked up at the sky, low-clouded, opaque; and, blessedly for him, a gust of wind shivered her too-thin coat and she put up her hand to hold the spring hat.

"I think I will," she said; and then with doubt, "Are you sure you haven't a stitch? You look pale."

"No, I'm all right," he replied. "I'll walk faster alone."

Then, seeing at that moment a taxi approaching, flag up, he hailed it, waving his stick and saying to her: "Jump in. No sense in catching cold." Before she could protest he had opened the door and given the address to the driver.

SHE had no time to argue. He hustled her in and, as it bore her away, he saw her struggle with the closed window to call out something about not being late back and the Alhusons.

He watched the taxi out of sight down the Embankment, and it was like watching a phase of life that had gone for ever.

He turned away from the river and the Embankment and, leaving all sound and sight of traffic behind him, plunged into the warren of narrow streets and squares which lay between him and the Fulham Road. He walked with no purpose but to lose identity, and to blot from present thought the ritual of the Sunday which imprisoned him.

The idea of escape had never come to him before. It was as though something had clicked in his brain when his wife made the remark about the Alhusons. "Remind me to telephone when we get home. It's their turn to come to us."

The drowning man who sees the pattern of his life pass by as the sea engulfs him could at last be understood. The ring at the front door, the cheerful voices of the Alhusons, the drinks set out on the sideboard, the standing about for a moment and then the sitting down—these things became only pieces of the tapestry that was the whole of his life-imprisonment, beginning daily with the drawing-back of the curtains and early morning tea, the opening of the newspaper, breakfast eaten in the small dining-room with the gas fire burning blue (turned low because of waste), the journey by Underground to the City, the passing hours of methodical office work, the return by Underground, unfolding an evening paper in the crowd which hemmed him in, the laying down of hat and coat and umbrella, the sound of television from the drawing-room blending perhaps with the voice of his wife, talking on the telephone.

And it was winter, or it was summer, or spring, or autumn, because with the changing seasons every year the

covers of the chairs and sofa in the drawing-room were cleaned and replaced by others, or the trees in the square outside were in leaf or bare.

It's their turn to come to us, and the Alhusons, grimacing and jumping on their string, came and bowed and disappeared, and the hosts who had received them became guests in their turn, jiggling and smirking, the dancing couples set to partners in an old-time measure.

Now, suddenly, with the pause by Battersea Bridge and Edna's remark, time had ceased; or rather, it had continued in the same way for her, but for him everything had changed.

He was aware of a sense of power within. He was in control. His was the master-hand that set the puppets jiggling. And Edna, poor Edna, speeding home in the taxi to a predestined rôle of putting out the drinks, patting cushions, shaking salted almonds from a tin, Edna had no conception of how he had stepped out of bondage into a new dimension.

The apathy of Sunday lay upon the streets. Houses were closed, withdrawn.

They don't know, he thought, those people inside, how one gesture of mine, now, at this minute, might alter their world. A knock on the door, and someone answers—a woman yawning, an old man in carpet slippers, a child sent by its parents in irritation; and depending upon what I will, what I decide, lies their whole future. Faces smashed in. Sudden murder. Theft. Fire. It was as simple as that.

He looked at his watch. Half past three. He decided to work on a system of numbers. He would walk down three more streets and then, depending upon the name of the third street in which he found himself, and how many letters it contained, choose the number of his destination.

HE walked briskly, with mounting interest. No cheating, he told himself. Block of flats or factory building, it's all one.

It turned out that the third street was a long one, flanked on either side by drab Victorian villas that had been pretentious some fifty years ago and now, let out as flats or lodgings, had lost caste. The name was Boulting Street. Eight letters meant Number eight. He crossed over confidently, searching the front-doors, undaunted by the steep flight of stone steps leading to every villa, the unpainted gates, the lowering basements, the air of poverty and decay which presented such a contrast to the houses in his own small Regency square, with their bright front doors and window boxes.

Number eight proved no different from its fellows. The gate was even shabbier, perhaps, the curtains at the

long, ugly ground-floor window more bleakly lace. A child of about three, a boy, sat on the top step, white-faced, blank-eyed, tied in some strange fashion to the mud-scraper so that he could not move. The front door was ajar.

James Fenton mounted the steps and looked for the bell. There was a scrap of paper pasted across it, with the words "Out of Order." On the other side was an old-fashioned pull-bell, fastened with string. It would be a matter of seconds, of course, to unravel the knotted strap binding the child, carry him off under his arm down the steps and then dispose of him



ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

according to mood or fancy. But violence did not seem to be indicated just yet; it was not what he wanted, for the feeling of power within demanded a longer term of freedom.

He pulled at the bell. A faint tinkle sounded down the dark hall. The child stared up at him, unmoved. Fenton turned away from the door and looked out on the street, at the plane tree coming into leaf on the pavement edge, the brown bark patchy yellow, a black cat crouching at its foot biting a wounded paw, and he savoured the waiting moment as delicious because of its uncertainty.

He heard the door open wider behind him and a woman's voice, foreign in intonation, say: "What can I do for you?"

Fenton took off his hat. The impulse was strong within him to say: "I have come to strangle you. You and your child. I bear you no malice whatever. It just happens that I am the instrument of fate sent for this purpose." Instead, he smiled. The woman was pallid, like the child on the steps, with the same expressionless eyes, the same lank hair. Her age might have been anything from twenty to thirty-five.

She was wearing a woollen cardigan too big for her and her dark, bunched

It was the perfect set-up for murder. A woman without friends; a child too young to understand...



ALIBI

The alibi

continued from page 4

skirt, ankle-length, made her seem squat.

"Do you let rooms?" asked Fenton.

A light came into the dull eyes, an expression of hope. It was almost as if this was a question she had longed for and had believed would never come. But the gleam faded again immediately and the dull, blank stare returned.

"The house isn't mine," she said. "The landlord let rooms once, but they say it's to be pulled down, with those on either side, to make room for flats."

"You mean," he pursued, "the landlord doesn't let rooms any more?"

"No," she said. "He told me it wouldn't be worth it, not with the demolition order coming any day. He pays me a small sum to caretake until they pull the house down. I live in the basement."

"I see," he said.

It would seem that the conversation was at an end. Nevertheless, Fenton continued standing there. The girl or woman—for she could be either—looked past him to the child, bidding him to be quiet, though he hardly whimpered.

"I suppose," said Fenton, "you couldn't subtlet one of the rooms in the basement to me? It could be a private arrangement between ourselves while you remain here. The landlord couldn't object."

He watched her make the effort to think. His suggestion, so unlikely, so surprising coming from someone of his appearance, was something she could not take in.

SINCE surprise is the best form of attack, he seized his advantage. "I only need one room," he said quickly, "for a few hours in the day. I shouldn't be sleeping here."

The effort to size him up was beyond her—the well-cut suit, the bowler hat, the umbrella, the fresh-complexioned face, the forty-five to fifty years. He saw the dark eyes become wide and bluer still as they took in his appearance.

"What would you want the room for?" she asked doubtfully.

There was the crux. To murder you and the child, my dear, and dig up the floor and bury you under the boards. But not yet.

"It's difficult to explain," he said briskly. "I'm a professional man. I have long hours. But there have been changes lately and I must have a room where I can put in a few hours every day and be entirely alone. You've no idea how difficult it is to find the right spot. This seems to me ideal for the purpose." He glanced from the empty house down to the child, and smiled. "Your little boy, for instance. Just the right age. He'd give no trouble at all."

A semblance of a smile passed across her face. "Oh, Johnnie is quiet enough," she said. "He sits there for hours, he wouldn't interfere." Then the smile wavered, the doubt returned. "I don't know what to say. . . . We live in the kitchen, with the bedroom next to it. There is a room behind, where I have a few bits of furniture stored, but I don't think you would like it. You see, it depends what you want to do. . . ."

Her voice trailed away. Her apathy was just what he needed. He wondered if she slept very heavily, or was even drugged. Those dark shadows under the eyes suggested drugs. So much the better. And a foreigner, too. There were too many of them in the country.

"If you would only show me the room I should know at once," he said.

Surprisingly, she turned and led the way down the narrow, dingy hall. Switching on a light above a basement stair, murmuring a continual apology the while, she took Fenton below.

This had been, of course, the original servants' quarters of the Victorian villa. The kitchen, scullery and pantry

had now become the woman's living-room, kitchenette and bedroom, and in their transformation had increased in squalor. The ugly pipes, the useless boiler, the old range, might once have had some pretension of efficiency, with fresh white paint on the pipes and the range polished. Even the dresser, still in position and stretching nearly the full width of one wall, would have been in keeping some fifty years ago, with polished brass saucepans and a patterned dinner-service, while an overalled cook, bustling about with arms befouled, called orders to a minion in the scullery. Now the dirty cream paint hung in flakes, the worn linoleum was torn and the dresser was bare save for odds and ends bearing no relation to its original purpose—a battered wireless set with trailing aerial, piles of discarded magazines and newspapers, unfinished knitting, broken toys, pieces of cake, a toothbrush.

The woman looked about her helplessly. "It is not easy," she said

door and crossed the room to pull aside the strip of curtain made out of old wartime blackout material, the smell of damp hit him as forcibly as a sudden patch of fog would do beside the river; and, with it the unmistakable odour of escaping gas.

"Yes, it's bad," she said. "The men are supposed to come, but never do."

As she pulled the curtain to let in air the rod broke, the strip of material fell; and through a broken pane of the window jumped the black cat with the wounded paw which Fenton had noticed beneath the plane tree in front of the house. The woman shooed it ineffectually. The cat, used to its surroundings, slunk into a far corner, jumped on a packing-case and composed itself to sleep. Fenton and the woman looked about them.

"This would do me very well," he said, hardly considering the dark walls, the odd L-shape of the room and the sloping ceiling. "Why, there's even a garden," and he went to the window and looked out upon the patch of earth and stones—well above his head as he stood in the basement room—which had once been a paved garden.

"Yes," she said, "yes, there's a

later in the year. So you understand how essential it is for me to find somewhere . . . like this."

He waved his hand at the surroundings which could offer no inducement to anything but the cat. His confidence was infectious and disarmed the still doubtful, puzzled inquiry in her eyes.

"Chelsea's full of artists, isn't it?" she said. "At least they say so, I don't know. But I thought studios had to be high up for getting the light?"

"Not necessarily," he answered. "Those fads don't affect me. And late in the day the light will have gone anyway. I suppose there is electricity?"

"Yes. . . ." She moved to the door and touched a switch. A naked bulb from the ceiling glared through its dust.

"Excellent," he said. "That's all I shall need."

He smiled down at the blank, unhappy face. The poor soul would be so much happier asleep. Like the cat. A kindness, really, to put her out of her misery.

"Can I move in tomorrow?" he asked.

Again the look of hope that he had noticed when he first stood at the front door inquiring for rooms; and then—was there embarrassment, the faintest trace of discomfort, in her expression?

"You haven't asked about . . . the cost of the room," she said.

"Whatever you care to charge," he replied, and waved his hand again to show that money was no object. She swallowed, evidently at a loss to know what to say, and then a flush creeping into the pallid face, ventured: "It would be best if I said nothing to the landlord. I will say you are a friend. You could give me a pound or two in cash every week; what you think fair."

MRS. KAUFMAN watched him anxiously. He decided there must be no third party interfering in any arrangement. It might defeat his plan.

"I'll give you five pounds in notes, each week, starting today," he said.

He felt for his wallet and drew out the crisp, new notes. She put out a timid hand, and her eyes never left the notes as he counted them.

"Not a word to the landlord," he said, "and if any questions are asked about your lodger, say your cousin, an artist, has arrived for a visit."

She looked up, for the first time smiling as though his joking words, with the giving of the notes, somehow sealed a bond between them.

"You don't look like my cousin," she said, "nor much like the artists I have seen, either. What is your name?"

"Sims," he said instantly. "Marcus Sims," and wondered why he had instinctively uttered the name of his wife's father, dead these many years, whom he had heartily disliked.

"Thank you, Mr. Sims," she said. "I'll give your room a clean-up tomorrow morning." Then, as a first gesture towards this intention, she lifted the cat from the packing-case and shooed it through the window.

"You will bring your things tomorrow afternoon?" she asked.

"My things?" he repeated.

"What you need for your work," she said. "Do you not have paints and so on?"

"Oh, yes. . . . yes, naturally," he said, "yes, I must bring my gear." He glanced round the room again. But there was to be no question of butchery. No blood. No mess. The answer would be to stifle them both in sleep. Her and the child. It was much the kindest way.

"You won't have far to go when you need tubes of paint," she said. "There are shops for artists in the King's Road. I have passed them shopping. They have boards and easels in the window."

He put his hand over his mouth to hide his smile. It was really touching how she had accepted him. It showed such trust, such confidence.

She led the way back into the cellar passage, and so up the basement stair to the hall once more.

"I'm so delighted," he said, "that

continued on page 30



A GIRL WITH ROSES

*She came from the dusty platform with a sheaf
Of early roses, and summer was suddenly there;
Her face was fresh and lovely, as flower and leaf,
Her perfume fragrant upon the fetid air.*

*Never has beauty held more blessing than
The minutes before she reached her destination:
I watched her go, in common with every man,
Taking the summer with her through the drab station.*

*Though now high summer's honeyed perfumes fill
This country air, no beauty I have found
Can match the minutes that are with me still:
A girl with roses on the Underground.*

DOUGLAS GIBSON



slowly, "with a child. One clears up all the time."

It was evident that she never cleared, that she had given in, that the shambles he observed was her answer to life's problems, but Fenton said nothing, only nodded politely and smiled. He caught a glimpse of an unmade bed through a half-open door, bearing out his theory of the heavy sleeper—his ring at the bell must have disturbed her—but seeing his glance she shut the door hurriedly, and in a half-conscious effort to bring herself to order combed her hair with her fingers. "And the room you do not use?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "yes, of course. . . ." vague and uncertain, as if she had forgotten her purpose in bringing him to the basement. She led the way back across the basement passage, past a coal cellar—useful this, he thought—a lavatory with a child's pot set in the open door and a torn newspaper beside it, and so to a farther room, the door of which was closed.

"I don't think it will do," she said, sighing, already defeated. Indeed it would not have done for anyone but himself, so full of power and purpose; for, as she flung open the creaking

garden," and she came beside him to stare at the desolation to which they both gave so false a name. Then with a little shrug she went on: "It's quiet, as you see, but it doesn't get much sun. It faces north."

"I like a room to face north," he said abstractedly, already seeing in his mind's eye the narrow trench he would be able to dig for her body—no need to make it deep. Turning towards her, measuring the size of her, reckoning the length and breadth, he saw a glimmer of understanding come into her eyes, and he quickly smiled to give her confidence.

"Are you an artist?" she said. "They like a north light, don't they?"

His relief was tremendous. An artist. But of course. Here was the excuse he needed. Here was a way out of all difficulty.

"I see you've guessed my secret," he answered slyly, and his laugh rang so true that it even surprised himself. He began to speak very rapidly. "Part-time only," he said. "That's the reason I can only get away for certain hours. My mornings are tied down to business, but later in the day I'm a free man. Then my real work begins. It's not just a casual hobby, it's a passion. I intend to hold my own exhibition

LOLLO

returns to do battle



Gina Lollobrigida with her rival Sophia Loren (left) and Yvonne de Carlo (centre) at a film festival

Europe's jealous, tempestuous queen of the screen loves a fight. Now she's carrying it right into the enemy camp

by REX GRIZELL

EYES flashing, fists clenched against her thighs, bosom heaving against her thin blouse (usually torn), the voluptuous brunette hurls abuse at the undeserving hero. . . . The scene has occurred in many of Gina Lollobrigida's films, and it is one which her fierce Latin temperament enables her to play with ease and conviction. Even directors are said to quail before Lollo when her temper is roused, and few stars are more ready to enter enthusiastically into scenes, feuds or lawsuits in defence of a jealously guarded reputation.

Lollo takes little trouble to be nice to other actresses. Melina Mercouri, a beautiful Greek spitfire, who appeared with her in *The Law*, complained that in ten weeks of work together Lollo had never once said "Good morning." Commented Gina: "Who is this woman Mercouri? Do you expect me to know everyone who works on one of my films?"

Future at stake

Anne Vernon, the French star who appeared in *The Most Beautiful Woman In The World* with Gina, complained that all her best scenes were left on the cutting-room floor, and added that one of the few things left in was a scene where she looked at Lollo and said: "You are so beautiful."

In answer to this attack Lollo replied, with remorseless logic: "There can be only one most beautiful woman in the picture."

Friends say that it is this readiness to do battle, and determination to ensure that it is Lollobrigida who is the star, which lie behind her latest move. For at thirty, with her fame and personal happiness apparently permanently established, Gina Lollobrigida has taken her future in her hands.

She has gone to Hollywood to try to confirm her screen popularity through

the medium of her first all-American film, a picture made in America, produced, directed, photographed and processed by Americans, and with an American co-star, Frank Sinatra.

Why? If it succeeds, she has not a great deal to gain. Already she has formidable wealth, owns a £100,000 mansion and estate on Rome's ancient Appian Way, and has a second home on the sunny Italian coast. She and her new baby and her handsome husband make up an eternal triangle of mutual affection. She has beauty, lives in luxury, and is admired and envied. She knows that any film she makes in Europe cannot be a failure.

There is no guarantee that the same will apply to her first all-American picture. Why does she take the risk? An Italian critic has asked whether the "Lollobrigida phenomenon" has not had its day; whether her "plump, homely, sensible woman type of beauty" has not been displaced in the public esteem by "the more sensual attraction of Sophia Loren, or the piquant vicious-little-girl appeal of Brigitte Bardot." There can be no doubt that Gina's pride sees a challenge in the sensational success of Sophia Loren in American films, though she has carefully avoided any mention of it and has said: "I am going, if for no other reason, to refute the legend that I cannot work in America."

She was referring to an episode in her life which had a marked influence on her career, and perhaps on her way of thinking. In 1950, when she was still only an extra in Italian films, she was invited to America by Howard Hughes, the multi-millionaire, who had seen a photograph of her in a bikini. She went, alone. Her husband, stateless at the time, could not obtain authorization to accompany her.

Hughes, the man who groomed Jane Russell for stardom, provided lessons



Lollo—alias the Queen of Sheba—in her latest film. Critics say her type of beauty has had its day; Lollo is out to prove them wrong

Lollo returns to do battle

continued from previous page

in English and deportment for Gina, and got experts to prepare her for screen tests. He did not give her any actual work. One report says that he used to call at her hotel and order the band to play on after closing hours while he danced with her.

But nothing came of it. Instead, lonely, unhappy, bored with weeks of inactivity, she went back to Italy. "I left Hughes with a seven-year option on my film services which he never took up. Since then I have never received any proposal of work from him. On the contrary, every time I have started a film my producer has received a letter reminding him of my contract. As I have worked in Europe, his letters have ended in the wastepaper basket, but the option has prevented me from accepting any of thirty American offers I have had since then. But Mr. Hughes has no legal hold over me now, and I am free to work."

M-G-M's directors working on *Never*

So Few, the film she is making in Hollywood, are likely to find that the temperamental Lollo can be more difficult than some of the stars they know.

When she made the circus film *Trapeze* with Burt Lancaster, five doubles were needed to do the various stunts for her. While they were flying through the air or spinning on the ends of ropes Lollo spent her time censoring pictures of herself to make sure that none that was "unflattering" or "too sexy" was released. Eventually, an assistant director had to request that she should not see pictures of herself while working because "she gets too fascinated and holds up production."

There was more trouble after the picture was over. Lollo complained that Hollywood censors had painted out all her curves and made her into a "monster with my face and Gary Cooper's body." Lollo had the last word; her contract allowed her control over the publicity stills, so she ordered that the

censored ones were not to be released.

These days, Gina is just as likely to get touchy about pictures which show too much Lollo as about those which don't show enough. She sued an agency which released pictures from *The Most Beautiful Woman In The World* showing her in Can-Can costume. "I'm an actress, not a body," she said.

"A nice bosom . . ."

Sometimes Gina still has difficulty in acting in English. In *Solomon And Sheba*, which she has just completed with Yul Brynner and George Sanders, she had one scene in which she had to register her scorn and hatred of the villain, Sanders. The scene was rehearsed seventeen times with no great success. Director King Vidor was moved to say: "People all over the world hiss when Sanders comes on the screen, and you won't even hate him a little."

Whatever her merits as an actress, Lollo would be the last to deny that her career owes much to her physical beauty. "I don't say a girl has to have a well-developed bosom to be a great actress," she says reasonably. "But

if she is fortunate enough to be blessed with a nice bosom, why belittle it?"

Gina has every reason to be thankful for her own physical attractions. Her bank balance, her properties and the assets of the companies she has formed for the exploitation and management of her business interests are thought to amount to about a million pounds.

In Milko Skovic she has a business manager of outstanding acumen, and also a husband who remains little changed from the man who married her for love when neither of them had any money.

That was in 1949. Skovic left Yugoslavia early in the war, not wishing to be involved either with the Germans or the Communist partisans, and went to Rome to study medicine. During the Italian campaign he and his brother often hid British and American prisoners-of-war who were on the run.

After the war he was appointed medical director of a refugee camp on the outskirts of Rome. He met Gina Lollobrigida at a 1948 New Year party when she was on the rebound from a Yugoslav footballer friend of Skovic's. She went home and wrote in her diary: "New Year. New boy friend. He is of the husband type." So it proved. They were married a year later on January 15, 1949.

In true Italian fashion Gina has worn her jealousy on her sleeve. There was an occasion when malicious tongues suggested that she should check on her husband's private life. Distraught, she donned black glasses and set out on a tour of private investigation which put her fears at rest.

Another time, British film star Joan Collins arrived in Rome and was quoted as saying that she had come "to see the dome of Saint Peter's and to get to know Milko Skovic." For days, according to report, Skovic dared not put his nose outside the mansion door for fear of rousing his wife's anger.

The happy marriage of Gina and Milko is based on their both being of modest origin, and of having had to fight to make their way in the world. They are both litigious, resorting to the law courts at any sign of an affront, although the law grinds so slowly in Italy that an action may be resolved when the parties concerned have almost forgotten what it was about.

She rejects Tarzan

At present, Gina is suing for £115,000 for breach of contract over a film she was to have made. She understood that it would be in colour, adapted to a wide screen, and with Montgomery Clift as the male star. Instead, she was told that it would be in black and white, with Lex Barker, a former Tarzan, in the lead. "Who do they think I am?" she asked. "It is ridiculous. I do not wish to be made love to by Tarzan."

There was a time when Lollo had no fewer than ten actions before the courts at the same time. Nowadays, the round of litigation goes on at a decelerating pace. But the co-partners in the "Lollobrigida empire" have not lost their keen interest in money now that they have acquired it. Friends say that they do not know how to sit back and enjoy it.

They are driven to work, to plan, to contrive, to argue, to negotiate in order to exploit fully the business property that consists of one lovely woman with dark chestnut hair and an hour-glass figure "with all the sand in the top."

Perhaps the Hollywood venture is part of the planning, just business. Perhaps, as some of her friends suspect, there is more to it than that. They think that Lollo's fiery Latin temperament can no longer resist the Loren challenge, and that Gina feels she must carry the fight into the rival's camp. "There is no threat to me," she has said of Loren. "Sophia cannot play the rôles I can. She is always limited to a certain rôle."

Loren replied gently: "I was sorry to hear Gina say that, for her personality is a limited one. She was marvelous as a ragged peasant, but she cannot ever convincingly portray a lady."

There, for the moment, the matter rests.

THE END



Lollo's love for her son and husband are legend in Italy. But she is jealous; once, in dark glasses, she went out to check up on her husband's private life



Elsa Maxwell, hostess and gossip columnist, gives a word of advice . . . and Lollo listens intently. For in Hollywood Elsa Maxwell can be a powerful friend

Would you refuse to help a policeman?

by ALLEN ANDREWS

**In the war on crime the man
on the beat needs help from
the crowd. Yet too often
he's left to fight on his own**

It was Friday night, soon after the public houses had closed, and three men were creating havoc on a corporation bus moving through Birmingham. At the end of his tolerance, the conductor stopped the bus and asked a policeman to remove the obstreperous passengers.

Once they were on the pavement the three men attacked the policeman. The other passengers, who had resented the riotous behaviour on the bus, gazed passively at the fight through the windows. But one quiet, little man—that was the Chief Constable's description of him after he was killed—got off the bus to help, and his wife followed.

"Come on, chaps, let's help the police," he called, but nobody else supported him.

Sidney William Bache, the quiet man, tried to assist the policeman while a crowd collected to watch the fight. Nobody else would help. Many of the bystanders were yelling encouragement to the three hooligans. The constable shouted to Bache to get to a telephone and dial 999.

As Bache started toward a booth, a fourth man came up behind him and beat him to the ground. A few hours later Sidney Bache died from a fractured skull.

The police were very good to the family. They treated Mrs. Bache as a policeman's widow and serving members contributed more than a quarter of the £2,000 fund raised for her. The Watch Committee granted her a pension.

But not all the citizens of Birmingham approved this attitude to a man who had tried to uphold law and order. Among Mrs. Bache's mail was this anonymous letter:

"Come on, chaps, let's help the police—that's what your husband said. Now he is the laughing stock of the street. Don't forget to write to him in Heaven."

Few people would condone the brutal

cruelty of these words. But too many of them would find themselves among the crowd which watches a policeman fighting against odds, declines to help him, and even eggs the attackers on. Policemen all over Britain are beginning to expect such non-co-operation and even hostility from ordinary citizens.

"Since the war there has been a deterioration in the relationship between the police and the public," says a senior police officer in Cardiff.

Even among policemen themselves there are varying views on why this is so.

Many of them blame first the unceasing battle between police and motorists. "Drivers are a difficult section of the public," says the Chief Constable of Birmingham.

"We are nearly all motorists now, and once we get into a car we seem to change our entire attitude to life."

The repeated refrain of the "booked" motorist is that it would be better to have more of the police chasing thugs and burglars and fewer of them harassing comparatively innocent drivers.

The policeman's answer is that the man keeping observation on parked cars is catching thieves—and the facts are on the side of the police.

Crimes against cars

Scotland Yard figures show that, for every theft from a parked car in 1954, there were well over two thefts in 1958. The number of cars stolen during the first seven months of 1958 was nearly three times as high as the 1954 figure.

The facts of life in 1959 are, in the words of one Chief Constable, that "motor cars are an increasing function of our life, and will therefore demand an increasing proportion of police care."

In Coventry, with a population of 277,000, more than 61,000 driving licences were issued last year. This meant that about half of all citizens whose age would permit them to drive



A mob attacked this constable during the Notting Hill riots. More and more the police expect—and get—hostility from the public

had joined "the difficult section of the public."

Motorists and police may still have to learn to live together. But there are other reasons for the decline in regard for the police which are less easy to define and more difficult to eliminate. A constable on a beat at Brighton bluntly states one of them. "The police forces of Britain have not distinguished themselves recently. This is not our year for popularity."

Recently the forces of law and order have, indeed, been under critical scrutiny. Though only a minute proportion of Britain's 78,000 policemen were involved, there have been public exposures of corruption and defiance of the rights of the individual which occasionally seemed to be condoned by authority.

At the Old Bailey Detective-Sergeant Pierce Butler of Scotland Yard's Flying Squad said in evidence that he searched the rooms of a number of kennel maids and had the girls searched without any legal right. Judge Aarvold

did not admonish him, but told him, before commending him for his evidence: "No court, of course, can commend any action which interferes with the liberty of the subject, and I do not propose to mention that at all."

After police interrogation at Lancaster, Nurse Brenda Lamb signed a confession that she had stolen jewellery which she knew she had not stolen, and she was eventually convicted. When it was established much later that the jewellery had never been stolen, she received the Queen's Pardon.

She said: "If the police had not talked me into it I should never have been in court. I was in tears all the time." Police Chief Superintendent Arthur Thompson said: "The girl was not treated differently from any other prisoner."

Questioned in the police station at Biggleswade by Detective-Sergeant W. Bent, Mrs. Barbara Page signed a statement that she had murdered her baby. The statement was rejected at her trial

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The Lady Jess

To save her marriage
from the goldfields—and
the easiest way was

by PATRICK WINN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

MY Aunt Jessie is an amazing person—a tiny old lady, little more than five feet tall, with a small and delicate bone structure which makes one think of Dresden china. Yet when she was a bride of eighteen she was living in a hessian and tin humpy in the wild rough and tumble of the Murchison goldfields. Looking at her fragile daintiness, it seems incredible.

I called on her the other day, and she received me in the old-fashioned sitting-room of her comfortable little house. As she made tea for me, I settled myself in a cosy basket chair. I knew that under no circumstances must I interfere with that ritual.

Watching her, I noticed that she wore only one ear-ring and I commented on it.

"No, dear, I haven't lost it. The clip is weak and it falls off. I really must get it fixed up," she told me.

"Let me have it," I said. "I'll take it in to the jeweller's tomorrow."

"Will you? Oh, thank you. Here, take them both. I wouldn't like to lose them."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," I said. I picked up the ear-rings and examined them, although I had seen them before. They were made from two tiny gold nuggets, roughly matched in size and shape. "They are two little bits of Australian history," I said. "Uncle Cliff had them made for you, didn't he?"

She settled herself down and covered the teapot with a crocheted cosy.

"Yes," she said, nodding. "They came from his mine."

"You must value them a great deal, Aunt."

"I do. Although—I very nearly parted with them once."

"You did?" I was surprised, because I was sure there had never been any financial reason. I always remembered her as being quite well off.

Aunt Jessie's blue eyes twinkled, and I was interested at once when she said: "Well, it's quite a long story. . . . You see, those two nuggets, and another one which he had made into a brooch for me, were really the very first gold he found. He always said that finding the Lady Jess marked the turning point in his luck."

"The mine was a success, then?" I asked.

She gave a mysterious little smile. "A success? Ye-es . . . if that means it gave me what I wanted."

"And did it?"

"Yes. It got me away from the goldfields."

And, over the teacups, she told me the story. I won't attempt to give it in her words, because there were bits to be filled in by inference; things which she hinted at without making definite statements. I vaguely remembered Uncle Cliff and I knew the type of

man he was—dour and dogged and unimaginative. And I knew Aunt Jessie.

When Cliff Sherridan began to sink the shaft of the Lady Jess, he was truly hard up, and was scratching a living by working on wages for other prospectors who were doing better. When he brought up payable ore for the first time, he took the three floaters which had led him to the find and paid a Chinaman to mount them into the ear-rings and brooch for his young wife.

At the end of a month he was penniless, but although Aunt Jessie tried to persuade him to sell her nuggets he stubbornly refused. As he could no longer afford to pay labour, he looked around for a partner.

Now, Uncle Cliff was a man with a very rigid sense of honesty. He told would-be partners quite frankly that the mine was showing practically nothing, and he gave them to understand that it was purely a "spec." In the hectic scramble after quick riches, no one was very interested in the Lady Jess, and it looked like becoming just another hole in the ground. The gold had simply disappeared, although Uncle was firmly convinced that it was there.

Once more, Aunt Jessie tried to persuade him to sell her ear-rings and brooch, but he still refused. They had their first quarrel over it, and when he had gone off to the shaft, savagely determined to try again, Aunt Jessie felt so hopeless and lonely that she allowed herself the weakness of tears.

She detested and feared the goldfields. She was convinced that the lure of the search for the elusive "colour" was going to ruin her marriage before long, and she was fiercely determined to find some way of persuading Uncle Cliff to give up and return to the city and a more civilized way of living. But that morning, as she admitted, the outlook was very bleak and hopeless.

It was at this point that Dennis Horden came into her life.

As she sat in the miserable humpy, sobbing her heart out, she saw a shadow fall across the dusty doorway and heard a hearty young voice call out: "Hey! Anybody home?"

She called sulkily: "No. Go away!"

There was a moment's silence, and then the man laughed. "All right," he said. "But tell me—if there were anybody home, could they tell me if Cliff Sherridan has found a partner?"

Aunt Jessie hesitated. If this was an opportunity to help Cliff she shouldn't turn it away, and in any case the prospective new capital would at least pay the store bill. Things were as desperate as that. Besides, she was young and miserable and bored, and there was something attractively vital and young-blooded about the voice. She went out, looking, as she said, a perfect fright with her tear-stained face

and red, sniffy nose. I suspect she looked very sweet and appealing.

The visitor was tall and handsome in a careless, laughing way, and he took his hat off with a flourish.

"I'm sorry if I—perhaps if I call another time, Miss . . . ?" he began diffidently, but his eyes were very bright and appreciative.

"Mrs. Sherridan," Aunt corrected, with the dignity of an eighteen-year-old bride. "You wanted to see my husband?"

"Well, yes. Is it true that he's looking for a partner?"

FOR the space of a moment the thought of paying the store bill warred with Aunt's sense of honesty and, to give her credit, this time the honesty won. Before long she was pouring out the whole story of disillusionment and disappointment to a very sympathetic young man, and at the end of half an hour she thought she had cured him of any desire to link his fortunes with the Sherridans.

So she was surprised when he said calmly: "You know, I'm interested in the Lady Jess. I think I'll have a talk with your husband, Mrs. Sherridan."

Aunt Jessie looked at him with exasperation.

"Really, you men are all alike! You just won't look facts in the face. . . ."

Dennis grinned at her. "Madam, I'm looking a very charming one in the face now," he said impudently. "A mine which is named after you has . . . possibilities."

I can imagine Aunt Jessie's outraged gasp—and her secret pleasure.

Well, Dennis Horden saw Uncle Cliff, and he became a one-third partner in the mine. He hadn't a great deal of capital, but he put in all he had, and Aunt Jessie paid the store bill and did some shopping and they had quite a celebration that night.

For the next couple of months life took on a more cheerful tone. Every night Dennis, who had built a camp for himself some way off, came over to spend the evening with them. He was good company and no mean player on the harmonica, and although the men were working hard and were tired they had some very pleasant evenings. Now that she had housekeeping money, Aunt Jessie worked miracles with the eternal tinned meat and dried fruit and occasional goat's meat, and she sparkled with a joy which made her husband

believe she was growing to like the goldfields after all. But the capital was running lower and lower. Every now and then the men would strike a tantalizing seam which showed colour, and they would follow it down hopefully. Each time it petered out. And then a rock rolled on Uncle Cliff and broke his leg.

There was a hospital of sorts in the township fifty miles away from the diggings, just a huddle of tin shacks where patients went to bed and either got better or didn't, and Uncle Cliff was laid up there while the leg mended.

The accident came at a bad time, when the slender capital had practically gone. Dennis carried on alone as best he could. He worked hard, and he always spent the evenings with Aunt Jessie as before, and I'm sure he did a lot to save her from becoming too desperately lonely.

Uncle Cliff's leg made slow progress, and it seemed that he would be away for some time. The elusive seam of gold-bearing quartz had vanished once again, and the store bill had been unpaid for so long that credit was stopped. Once more hopelessness and despair laid hold of Aunt Jessie, and although the gay and happy-go-lucky Dennis was wonderful company there were times when he suggested subtly that under certain circumstances there was something to be said for throwing up the sponge.

IT seemed the final irony when a group of speculators from the city sent a party out to the field to look for profitable investments. Their job was to buy any promising shows whose owners could no longer hold on. With capital behind them they were able to develop mines which had brought their original owners nothing but heartbreak. Aunt Jessie and Dennis knew that if they had only had this chance while the Lady Jess was showing signs they could have sold out for some sort of figure. Now they had virtually nothing to sell.

They went in to see Uncle Cliff that weekend, and although Dennis appeared to be his usual cheerful self Uncle Cliff saw through it.

He looked at them grimly. "We're about finished, aren't we?" he said.

Dennis shrugged. "Well, maybe if we struck colour again. . . ."

Uncle wriggled savagely on his hard cot. "If I could only get into it with you, instead of being tied here like

"I'll shift that dirt even if I have to do it with

*she must get away
this man. And
to strike it rich*



my teeth," she had vowed. But it was a back-breaking task for a girl



Are you honest?

Answer these questions, set by a doctor, and see how honest you really are. But don't forget that unaffected honesty is essential in your answers!

1. Look around your home. Is there a book that isn't yours? Or a handkerchief, scarf, sum of money, gardening implement or kitchen utensil you "borrowed"?

- (a) Yes.
- (b) No.
- (c) You honestly don't know for sure whether everything is yours or not.

2. A tradesman delivers a piece of furniture for which you paid cash when you were in his shop. It proves to be a better-quality piece which you admired but decided you could not afford. Do you

- (a) accept delivery and say nothing?
- (b) return it with an explanation of the error?

3. You go on holiday and your accommodation is terrible. You send a holiday postcard to a cocksure neighbour. Do you

- (a) deliberately omit anything about the accommodation?
- (b) state frankly that it's the big snag of the holiday?
- (c) scribble a sentence that the weather, the place and the accommodation are all just splendid?

4. At an automatic machine outside a shop, late one night, you put in your coin and then you get the coin back in the reject slot as well as the item you wanted from the drawer. Do you

- (a) put the coin in again to see if your good luck is repeated?
- (b) drop the money through the shop's letterbox?
- (c) accept that fate has been kind for once and go on your way?

5. Librarians are accustomed to finding strange things used as bookmarks. In a book you borrow you find a £1 note. Do you

- (a) take it back to the library and ask the librarian if he can discover the previous borrower?
- (b) take the note to the police station?
- (c) give it to charity?
- (d) keep it for yourself?

6. Have you, in the past twelve months, travelled without a ticket or beyond the distance for which you have paid on bus or train?

- (a) Yes.
- (b) No.

7. "Finding's keepings."

- (a) Illegal but morally reasonable.
- (b) Illegal and immoral.
- (c) The unwritten law and therefore morally permitted.

8. In your job, past or present, have you ever been late through your own fault and made the statement that

- (a) your transport was delayed?
- (b) you or a member of your family rose that morning feeling unwell?
- (c) you cannot account for the delay?
- (d) you haven't any excuse?

9. Someone in your district you don't know very well beyond the fact that he works in a wholesaler's offers you some goods at half retail price. Is your first question

- (a) what's wrong with them?
- (b) why are they so cheap?
- (c) will you get into trouble selling them privately?
- (d) do you think I'd buy things on this basis?

10. A distraught young wife confides in you that she suspects her husband is taking a girl out in the evenings. She demands outright if you know anything about it. As a matter of fact you have seen the man in question emerging from a cinema with a girl you don't recognize. Do you

- (a) deny all knowledge of anything?
- (b) say you must tell the truth since you've been challenged?
- (c) state firmly that, even if you did know something, you never gossip?

this! You must have tons of dirt to shift before you can follow down. . . .

Aunt Jessie couldn't stand any more. She tried again to get him to sell her ear-rings and brooch to give them just a little money to hire labour for a day or two, but Uncle wouldn't hear of it. "All right, then," she blazed at last. "There's only one thing left. I—I'll help Dennis myself."

They looked at her slender five foot with amazement.

"Don't look at me like that," she snapped. "If Dennis half-fills the buckets I can haul with the windlass."

"Now look here, my girl. . . ."

"No, Cliff! You look, for a change! I'm going to shift that dirt if I've got to do it on my own. I've had all I'm going to stand from these—these damn goldfields."

They gaped at her. It was Dennis who recovered first.

"Jessie," he said, "you can't do that—you'll have blisters on your hands the size of eggs, and that windlass will pull your arms out."

"Let it! I'll shift that dirt even if I have to do it with my teeth."

No argument made any difference, and finally Uncle reluctantly agreed to let her try, believing that at the most she would last half a day.

Satisfied, Jess got up and prepared to leave. "All right," she said. "But there's just one thing."

"What's that?" said Uncle Cliff.

Jess looked from one to the other of them. "Just this," she said. "We'll try for just one week. If there's anything likely to interest the buyers by then, we'll sell, and get out for good. Agreed?"

SHE had timed the ultimatum well. Lying helpless in bed lowers a man's morale, and her husband was beginning to suspect that his luck didn't lie in the goldfields after all. As for Dennis Horden—well, she had got to know him very well in the last few weeks. She knew he was getting restless.

They agreed to her terms.

She must have looked a quaint figure as she went to work next day in a pair of her husband's trousers, cut off at the knees.

As Dennis had warned, hauling barely half-filled buckets was back-breaking work for her, and the heap of dirt looked terrifyingly big. After an hour he came up and suggested she tried her hand at filling while he hauled. So down the ladder she went, scared to death.

After four days the loose dirt was cleared and Dennis began breaking into the face again. And, as before, they picked up a thin seam of quartz. It was not very encouraging, but as he picked it out they were excited to find that it widened until they had a face about three foot square, with a speck of colour here and there. It was nothing much, and Dennis doubted if it would attract a buyer. Aunt Jessie was sure it wouldn't, and yet they were afraid that if they went in farther, what was showing might disappear again.

That night Dennis came to the humpy to talk it over, but Jess was dropping with weariness.

"Leave it for tonight, Dennis," she said. "I'm too tired to think straight."

"But we've got to decide. . . ."

"Not tonight."

He hesitated. "Well, let's just—enjoy an evening together, then?"

"No. Off you go."

"Aw, Jessie—look, I. . . ."

I fancy Aunt Jessie had had some previous experience in being firm over turning him out, but it was becoming increasingly difficult. That night Dennis was reluctant and sulky, but he went.

Yet, for all her tiredness, a small figure slipped out of the Sherridan's humpy just after midnight and made its way to the Lady Jess. In such a lawless place, the shotgun she carried was, no doubt, a sensible precaution. It was harder to account for the same small figure, on returning to the humpy later, proceeding to dig a hole outside and carefully bury some small object.

Next day, she persuaded Dennis that it would be best to take a chance on

trying to sell, and he took the buyers down the shaft feeling far from hopeful. He felt more optimistic when he saw how they reacted. In fact, he thought he must have been more tired than he had realized the day before, because the show of colour in the face was considerably better than he had thought. True, he had only had a candle to see by. In the light from the buyers' carbide lamps it looked impressive. They said they would buy.

Aunt Jessie, as her husband's representative, had two votes, and she took charge of the bargaining. She told them that she hated selling, and wasn't a bit sure that she wanted to, but there was every chance that her husband would be crippled for life, and getting proper attention for him was more important to her than any mine, however rich. She was up against a pretty tough team, but they were not accustomed to doing business with women, especially women like Jessie Sherridan.

The outcome was that the mine was sold for £7,000, a very large sum indeed in those days.

I GATHER that Aunt Jessie was a bit worried when she told Uncle Cliff the news, in case he wanted to go back on his promise to give up prospecting. For a moment she thought he might, but she turned her blistered hands so that he couldn't help seeing them, and she had no need to pretend that she was tired out. She really was. But he kept his promise. The only thing which marred her happiness was that she had to tell him that she had somehow lost her brooch. When she wept over it he was very tender, comforting her by saying that she still had the ear-rings.

So they left with a fortune which Uncle Cliff doubled and redoubled in the hardware business which he founded in the city.

"Was Dennis with you when you went to tell Uncle Cliff?" I asked.

"No, dear," she said. "You see, I insisted on payment being made by two cheques, one in his favour and one in your uncle's."

"What made you do that?"

"Well, he had become very . . . troublesome. I thought it best that we should break up the partnership at once." She smiled reminiscently. "It was a pity about my brooch, though. I liked it."

"But that's what I don't understand," I protested. "Why on earth did you bury it that night?"

Aunt Jessie's eyes opened wide. "But I didn't, my dear," she said. "What I buried was the empty shotgun cartridge. You see, I took the pellets out of a cartridge and replaced them with the pieces of my brooch which I had cut up small with a knife. Pure gold is very soft, you know. I did think of including my ear-rings, but they were only small, anyway, and—well, I didn't. It was quite surprising how realistically it spattered into the quartz face when I fired it."

WHEN I could speak I said: "But, Aunt Jessie—that wasn't honest, you know."

"Wasn't it, my dear? Perhaps not. I never thought of it like that. I was fighting for the success of my marriage, and that was all I thought about."

"Didn't Dennis guess?"

"That was part of my plan. I had to find a way of getting him to go away. As soon as we signed the claim over, I told him what I had done. He left—very quickly."

"But the people you sold to?"

"Well, I only showed those men the gold in the face. They didn't ask me how it got there."

After a while I asked: "And did Dennis finish up going to town and building a fortune, like Uncle Cliff?"

Aunt Jessie leaned over to peer at the tray of biscuits, carefully selecting one which was not too sugary. The rich inward mischief of the old twinkled behind her glasses as she said dryly: "No, I don't think so. His talents lay in—other directions. . . . Another cup of tea, dear?"

THE END

© Patrick Winn, 1959

This is what's biting you

by JOHN CROMPTON

They've wrecked empires and wiped out cities — and now billions are after your blood



Bites from some insects—even in Britain—can be dangerous. And clothing gives little protection

A FRIEND of mine walked into a country doctor's surgery last summer in a state of acute physical discomfort. Would the doctor, he asked, please examine his waist? He thought that he had contracted shingles.

His waist, on being bared, revealed a series of swellings, each the size of a shilling, around the belt-line.

The doctor examined the swellings and reached for his prescription pad. "You haven't got shingles," he said. "You've been bitten by the harvest mite. I expect you've been in the fields."

"That's right," my friend said. "But I never sat down and I didn't feel a bite. Do you mean the insect actually got under my tight belt?"

The doctor explained that not one insect but possibly hundreds had got under his belt; that clothing offered no hindrance to the microscopic mites, and that he hadn't felt the bites because they had attacked with highly unconventional weapons.

The harvest mite, one of billions of biting insects awaiting the unwary in Britain this summer, is active from June to October. But September is the month when most hikers and picnickers are liable to make its acquaintance.

The adult mite, which is really more closely related to the spider than to an insect, lays eggs in spring which hatch out in a few weeks into six-legged larvae.

These climb grass stems and other vegetation and gather in clusters that appear as tiny yellow patches on the leaves. Each patch contains about a

hundred mites and they wait for an animal to come along in order to feed on its blood.

They sense the approach of an animal by shadow or vibration, or both, and can then be seen through a strong lens to be getting ready, their legs waving in the air.

The animal has to brush against them before they can get on to it. If they are lucky they will make contact soon after hatching; if not, they may have to wait, unfed, for several weeks.

When an animal or a hiker or, better still, a group of picnickers comes along the mites invade in numbers. The host neither sees nor (for the present) feels the mites, which travel over his body seeking soft, moist skin.

Having selected a suitable place (the waist and ankles are favourites) the mite proceeds to suck blood.

We get off lightly

Its method is chemical and complicated. A tiny pair of curved hooks are fixed into the skin surface. Through its mouth the mite pumps a secretion which attacks the cells of the skin tissue. By pumping in this secretion and sucking out the digested tissue a comparatively deep hole is gradually bored into the skin and intense irritation begins to be felt.

Human beings are not natural hosts of the harvest mite and escape lightly. With field mice, rabbits and birds the operation continues for five or six days until the larva is engorged.

Midges, often known as gnats, are perhaps the most common source of summer "bites." Their small size—just

little black specks, most of them—does not prevent them from causing large swellings, and some people who are allergic may receive painful lumps that irritate for a week.

The female midge is the blood-sucker (the male lives on flower nectar or plant juices) and she can bite through stockings or shirt sleeves.

There are some 150 species of midge in Britain, but only one genus (*Culicoides*) attacks men and mammals. Others attack caterpillars or bite into the blood vessels on the wings of such creatures as dragon-flies and moths.

The mosquito, which resembles the midge in many aspects of its behaviour, is commonly looked upon as a hot-country pest, yet twenty-nine species are found in Britain. Not all of them attack human beings.

When about to bite, the mosquito alights gently and feels the skin, selecting a tender spot. Nothing of this preliminary manoeuvring is felt by the victim, though he may be warned by the cessation of the ping-pong noise that some mosquitoes make.

The mosquito possesses six lancets, long and incredibly fine—a hair is coarse by comparison—which can pierce clothing and penetrate deep into the flesh. One of these lancets is hollow and is used to suck up the victim's blood.

As with the midge, the male mosquito lives blamelessly on fruit juices and other fluids. Only the female sucks blood, and she is perhaps the most bloodthirsty creature alive. A meal of blood is a necessity if she is to develop her eggs.

Through the same tube with which

she sucks blood her saliva flows into the wound. It is this saliva that causes swelling and irritation and, if the mosquito is infected, malaria.

In Britain mosquitoes do not now normally carry this infection, but in biographies and novels of the eighteenth century we often come upon references to the "ague"—malaria.

Although the species of mosquito that was to blame has ceased to be infectious, there was a resurgence of the disease in Britain during the war when servicemen suffering from malaria were drafted back to hospitals at home. Mosquitoes carried the disease from infected cases to healthy people.

In the East malaria put more allied troops out of action than did the enemy.

The havoc caused by the mosquito during the world's history is incalculable. It has caused the fall of civilizations and changed the course of human affairs. Yet the worst sufferer from malaria is not man but the mosquito itself. The disease develops large tumours in the insect's stomach.

Some mosquitoes spend the winter on the walls of attics or cellars, but a mild spell will revive them and send the females in search of blood. So it is possible to be bitten in winter as well as summer.

In country areas a particularly ferocious creature to watch out for is the horse-fly. There are twenty-eight species in Britain, and the largest is an inch long and has a wing span of two inches—several times bigger than the mosquito and almost as bloodthirsty. It is a giant, and a handsome one, with

continued on page 37

Slosh, scrape, paddle



William Green starts his creative process by spreading bitumen on a piece of hardboard

Carefully he adds a dash of paraffin. He is now ready for the most important stage

The artist says...



WILLIAM GREEN

THE immediate properties of surface effects in non-objective painting have conditioned certain elemental associations with the material and facts of subject matter.

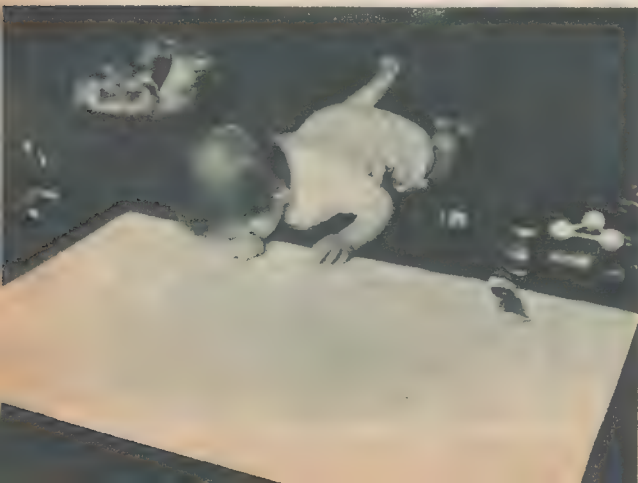
Surface interest in painting can be interpreted as texture-patterning, contrast-relief, etc.—these being natural extensions of the associative element.

As to procedures, the inclusion of methods (bicycle, fire, etc.) were in their turn and period of duration to me a legitimate form of releasing on to the surface a characteristic patterning.

Casually Green puts a match to his canvas. When the flames die down he'll tidy up the embers and have a finished work worth as much as £50



Ideas don't just flow, even in the Action school. You've got to feel it. Critics keep barging in. Then one's



and burn



Action is the password of art's latest shock troops. They paint in the strangest ways—but claim that their madness has a message



JOHN EDKINS

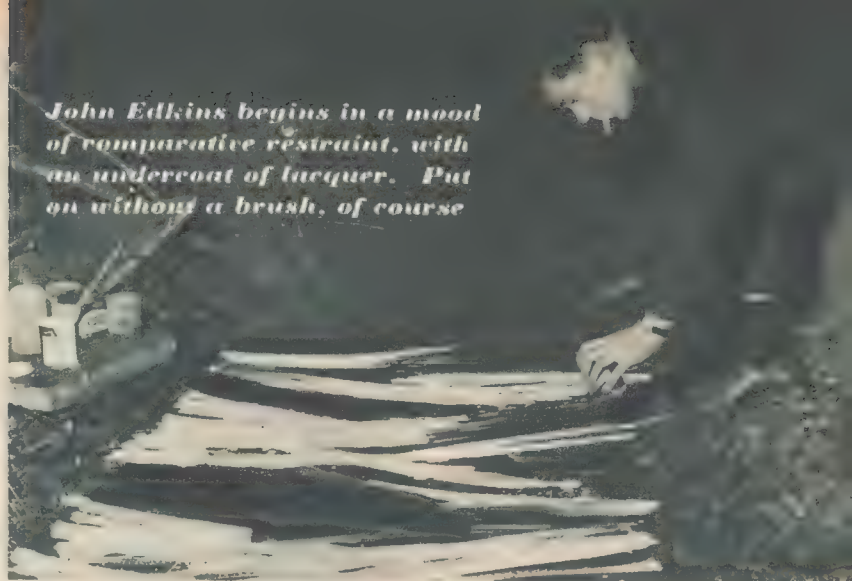
The artist says...

I SOMETIMES use brushes, sometimes canvas, sometimes a rag and board. I use undercoat white and black lacquer; I can work over them without churning the undercolour up.

Sometimes I use a gallon of turps, sometimes none at all, sometimes burning it while it is wet, other times using the blade of a saw to scrape. I use anything else that lies around.

These things I manipulate until a moment arrives when the painting gives birth to an idea lying dormant, unconscious within the fabric, a bird in the bush, often in disguise and always about to fly away.

Sometimes I can catch it, sometimes it escapes, but nothing is reconsidered: what is done is done, finished with.



John Edkins begins in a mood of comparative restraint, with an undercoat of lacquer. Put on without a brush, of course

Now for real action. At a range of two feet he flicks on paint to the desired pattern



Throwing caution overboard. Edkins finishes by using his brush in the orthodox way



creative drive takes over. A touch more treacle . . . it's a masterpiece



The artist says...

"Wait till they see this at the Academy"





How limp is a lettuce?

That depends on how long it took to get to your greengrocer's. So does the price you have to pay for it. It's the time your foodstuffs spend on our undersized and overloaded highways. It's the delays, diversions, hold-ups, and snail's pace crawling on the roads that subtracts so much from the freshness and quality of the vegetables we buy and adds so unnecessarily and irritatingly to their cost. This is what inadequate roads mean to everyone with a family to feed—lower quality commodities at higher cost.

The answer's obvious enough: to speed our transport, cut our costs, increase travel-safety, Britain needs a national network of new and better roads. The need is not going unrecognised. Already the maps of Britain are being changed. Millions of yards of earth are being moved, hills are being levelled, and gorges filled. There is no light task ahead of the earth-moving industry. But its contributions towards better, safer roads, and faster traffic, are a challenge and a duty which can be neither ignored nor postponed.

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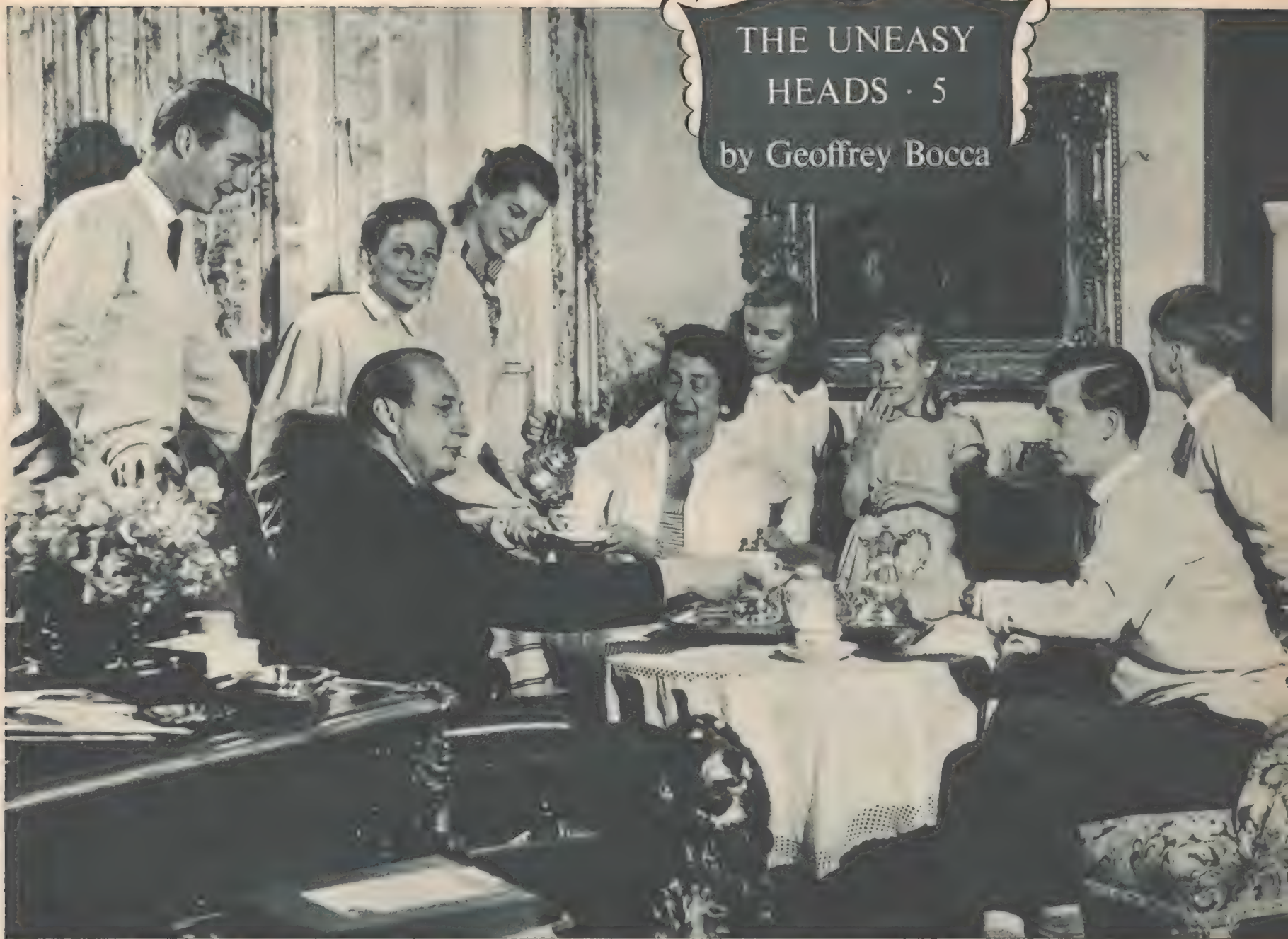
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THE UNEASY HEADS · 5

by Geoffrey Bocca



Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, claimant to the German throne, and Princess Kira (centre), at home with their family near Bremen. Left to right: Friedrich-Wilhelm, Louis Ferdinand, Marie Cecile, Kira, Xenia, Michael and Christian

The gay Pretender to the German throne

Tough, tactless, willing but weak, Prince Louis patiently strives for royal power—in a nation divided against itself

OF all the German royal families, the most important is the Hohenzollern. And the fact that the Hohenzollerns are still supreme is not only due to the legitimate tradition but also to the personality of the present head of the house, Prince Louis Ferdinand, not perhaps the most brilliant of all the pretenders, and certainly not one of the most influential. But he is easily the gayest and the most human of them all.

Louis Ferdinand — "Lulu" to his friends—has had to fight hard for his position. Tough and uncompromising, long-nosed and with piercing brown eyes that give him the look of a fierce sparrow, he flourishes the cursed name of Hohenzollern as challengingly as

Cyrano de Bergerac did his white plume. Confronting a world that he senses to be fundamentally though incomprehensibly hostile, he squares his shoulders, throws back his head and assumes a glare that does not lose its defiance even when he laughs, which is often and raucously.

The word Hohenzollern, which still inspires distrust and hatred in many breasts, he utters lovingly. Try to suggest that the Hohenzollerns are late-comers, *arrivistes* on the German royal scene, and he demands angrily whether you would question the legitimacy of his ancestor who fought for Barbarossa, or of the ancient Dukes of Brandenburg who rode out of the darkness of the twelfth century and made the Hohenzollern name feared and famous.

Accuse the Hohenzollerns of militarism and Louis Ferdinand stands flabbergasted at the preposterousness of the charge.

The word "Prussia," which is a bad word in almost any language, falls gently from his lips, and his eyes glisten when he talks of a Prussia under the Communists.

Louis Ferdinand, in short, has no apologies to make to history.

He has another quality which sets him apart from all but a handful of his fellow men. This is a conscious contempt for the arts of discretion or diplomacy.

He says what he thinks and cares not a damn to whom he says it. Before the war he was warned by William E. Dodd, the American Ambassador in Berlin: "The Nazis will hang you one of these

The uneasy heads

continued from previous page

days. I shall come to your funeral but that won't do you much good."

Calculated indiscretion is a risky art, and it needs a genius, a Churchill or a Bismarck to play it. ("Don't imagine," said Bismarck to Disraeli, "that my illness is the result of the French war, its cause is the horrible conduct of my King.") Even Disraeli lacked the flair. He replied: "I have not seen any of this two-facedness in the monarch I serve. Sue is frank and upright."

In a man like Louis Ferdinand, who would not make any claim to greatness for himself, his indiscretion reveals a remarkable sophistication and self-assurance. When he talks about himself he speaks of such earlier phases of his career as an addiction to alcohol, a foolish love affair, a brief sympathy for Hitler and a considerable anglophobia, frankly and without excuse, leaving his hearers to draw whatever conclusions they feel like, and to hell with them.

Louis Ferdinand was born in 1907 in the royal palace at Potsdam and had thus reached the impressionable age of eleven when he watched the German Empire collapse.

Before that he had shown signs of inept royalism, his favourite game being to go in and out of the palace so that the guards could salute him. And his first recorded words to his English nanny at the age of five were: "If you don't get out at once I shall have you shot."

Nothing about his childhood suggested that he would one day have to lead all the royal Houses of Germany through a republican wilderness. He was only the second son of Crown Prince Wilhelm, "Little Willie" of the first World War cartoons, eldest son of the Kaiser, Louis Ferdinand's elder brother Prince Wilhelm Friedrich, was the heir to the throne.

Lavish living

The 1918 defeat, instead of depressing him, exalted him. He had outgrown the militarism of his childhood, and was simply relieved that he would not have to attend Plön, the German cadet school.

Without cares or responsibilities the whole world opened for him, and he set off on two decades of travelling and wild out-sowing which made its own modest contribution to the international scene of the late 'twenties and early 'thirties.

In 1924 he went to the United States and met there two men who were to influence his life. The first was Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom he described as "an aristocrat in the best sense of the word but also," he added thoughtfully, "a great enemy of my country."

The second was Henry Ford. One of the most formative experiences of his

early years was to watch the great motor pioneer sit with his friends or crawl under his cars to make sure everything was being done properly.

Ford liked the Prince and put him on his payroll, and there Louis Ferdinand remained, on and off for twenty years.

When he proceeded to fall wildly in love with Lili Damita, the French film actress, a complicated chequer game began with his various patrons moving him here and there out of the girl's way.

After he saw Lili Damita in Berlin his grandfather, the Kaiser Wilhelm, in exile at Doorn in Holland, shipped him off to America. When Lili went to Hollywood Louis Ferdinand followed and declared his love not only to Lili

but to most of the assembled newspaper reporters of Los Angeles.

Harriedly Henry Ford had him transferred to South America. Louis departed tearfully but the girl he left behind was not alone for long.

The Royal Navy put into ports in Southern California, and among the British officers was another prince, George, Duke of Kent. Soon Lili Damita and Prince George were being seen together in Hollywood gatherings regularly, to the great indignation of Louis when he opened his newspapers.

This was the first of some elementary lessons which Louis absorbed in the field of man-woman relationships. Returning to the United States he took up with Lili again but he found that no matter how carefully and secretly they arranged to meet the newspapers always reported it next morning, while at the time Henry Ford and the Kaiser Wilhelm were growing more and more

angry. Slowly it dawned on the boy that someone must be tipping the reporters off.

Understanding followed. For an experienced actress the attentions of a young and lovesick prince were worth a fortune in publicity.

Louis also found out that when a prince falls in love with a showgirl it may be he who provides the car but it is also he who gets taken for the ride. And so the affair dragged to a close with out ill-feelings on either side. Damita went on to marry Errol Flynn.

By 1934 Louis was in his mid-twenties and he had covered much ground. He had met Mussolini and found him "like a *maître d'hôtel* of a *trattoria*," and Hitler "a man who looks like Charlie Chaplin and talks like an Austrian railway porter."

Lloyd George gave him a piece of information which perplexed him.

"You know, Prince Louis," said the Welshman who had been Germany's bitterest enemy in 1918, "we over here never expected nor intended the fall of your dynasty. In the face of public opinion at the time it would have been impossible for me as Prime Minister to conclude a peace with either your grandfather or your father. But we all thought that a Regency for your brother Wilhelm would be set up under your mother or one of your uncles. If your family had remained in power I am certain that Mr. Hitler would not be giving us headaches right now."

Field Marshal Hindenburg died and in his will declared his wish that the Hohenzollerns be restored, but by that time Hitler was at the German helm and remained so for the next eleven years. But the day was approaching when Prince Louis would have to grow up.

His elder brother, to the stunning distress of his grandfather, decided to marry a commoner, Dorothy de Saxe, and renounce his rights to the throne. Louis was now the heir in fact he would have become heir anyway in due course because Wilhelm Friedrich died after wounds received in the French campaign in 1940.

In spite of his youth and wildness, Louis had an unquestioned faith in the destiny of his family, and in spite of the Damita incident he believed implicitly in *Ehrenbürgerschaft*, or the "eligibility of equality of station" in affairs of the heart. He resigned from Ford and prepared to train himself for his new duties.

In 1938 he met the Grand Duchess Kira Krilovna, a great granddaughter of the Tsar Alexander II. After the heat of the Damita affair this was circumspect in the extreme. The formality bore ardently on Louis's high spirits and he soon gave up, in a scene which Kira describes in her own words.

Gambled heavily

"In the evening," she said, "we played poker. I later found out that this was the only game anybody has ever induced Louis to play, and the poker we played that night was a riot. "Louis was more interested in the golden Rhine wine liberally poured by my hostess. In the intervals of sampling it he staked wildly, and when he won gave half his chips away. He rejoiced finally when he was broke. He stopped playing and devoted his undivided attention to the delights of the grape."

Fortunately the dark and lovely Kira possessed a sense of humour as keen as Louis's. She decided she liked him, and Louis, with characteristic ebullience went on to marry her three times.

The first was at a civil ceremony in Potsdam, the second at a Russian service in Cecilienhof, his home, and the last at Doorn in Holland, so that the exiled old Kaiser could witness it.

When the war began Louis joined the Wehrmacht but was soon released.

Hitler had ruled that members of the princely families should be gradually dismissed from the services. Those that remained were to be kept away from the front line. Hitler did not fear their death, but was determined that they should be given no chance to show heroism.

Consequently Louis, his family increasing with royal regularity, retired to his favourite estate at Cadzand in East



In 1929 Prince Louis fell in love with French film star Lili Damita. Later she married Errol Flynn



In 1938 Prince Louis was married. At the reception he chatted with his grandfather, the former Kaiser

Prussia and remained there until the advancing Russians were less than twenty-four hours away. To flee galled his Hohenzollern pride and he almost decided to stay put, but as he explained it: "We had not the slightest ill-feeling against the Russians, and we tried to be objective, about the Soviet system, but we had no assurance that the Soviets would feel the same way about us."

Back in Cecilienhof he intrigued casually with Otto John and the anti-Hitler conspirators, so that after the failure of the bomb plot in 1944 he went underground, like Crown Prince Rupprecht, until the war ended.

Afterwards the ever-loyal Ford Motor Company appointed him their German representative, which made him, incidentally, the highest-paid unemployed king in Europe.

Carefree family

Today the Crown Prince lives near Bremen, at Borgfeld, in the Villa Wümmehof, a house which would be considered definitely undistinguished in Oxshott, Surrey.

He devotes himself to his wife, four sons and three daughters, all of whom enjoy the carefree, jolly existence that only a large and deeply affectionate family can understand.

Louis is a gifted composer and spends much time with his music and going to concerts. From the remains of his once great fortune he looks after his old retainers, paying pensions to courtiers and servants, although in the end there is not a great deal left over for himself.

His royal attitude is exactly the opposite of that of the Archduke Otto Hapsburg or the Count of Paris.

"I am not a political prince," he says. In April, 1957, he gave an interview to the German news magazine, *Der Spiegel*, and said that if he came to power he would strengthen and protect democratic institutions in Germany.

"Under no circumstances must there

CONTENTMENT—I

We only see in a lifetime a dozen faces marked with the peace of a contented spirit.

H. W. Beecher

be another dictatorship," he said. "I will fight it as I fought the Third Reich."

Like the other pretenders he is unsure how to translate a widespread desire for monarchy into a practical movement. He has said he would accept his name being put forward for the Presidency of Germany providing that there was evidence of "overwhelming support."

He adds that in such circumstances he would insist on a seat of government being transferred to Berlin, but then, realizing that he has put a very small cart before a very large horse, he amplifies his stand in typically humorous manner.

"Do I find evidence of a groundswell?" he asks rhetorically. "Perhaps. I received one vote at the last Presidential election. Unfortunately I could not draw too much comfort from it because my cousin, Ernst August of Hanover, got one vote, too."

Unfortunately for Louis and his prospects his most loyal hereditary lands and oldest Hohenzollern preserves, the Marches of Prussia, are now in Eastern Germany and no one knows what traces of royalist feeling still remain there.

In 1954 a secret meeting was planned by representatives of the various dynasties to make a formal acknowledgment

of Prince Louis, the senior pretender among the German princes, as chief of the German Houses, but old Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria took umbrage over a technicality and refused to attend, so that the meeting was abandoned.

The reaction of most of these families towards restoration is to pay lip service to the idea but in practice to let well alone. They are doing well enough in the mock-monarchies in which they live. Why stir things up?

Consequently Louis Ferdinand stands isolated and frustrated, willing but not powerful, while the Wittelsbachs and Hanovers, though powerful, are unwilling.

The head of the Wittelsbachs, Crown Prince Albrecht of Bavaria, is in fact a king in all but the name.

Through two wars, a republican revolution, and a Nazi revolution, Bavaria has never ceased to be, at least *de facto*, a monarchy.

It is true that Ludwig III was obliged to abdicate after the first World War, but the Wittelsbachs went on reigning as if nothing had happened. They had, after all, ruled Bavaria for more than seven hundred years and an occasional abdication did not mean much in such a long context. Today they even maintain official relations, or indeed, reign in collateral glory with the Bavarian administration which freely acknowledges their pre-eminence in the state.

The Wittelsbachs are most certainly not unused to anomaly. From 1913 to 1916 they acknowledged two kings at the same time: Ludwig III who was crowned King in the lifetime of King Otto, who was mad.

This aroused doubts among Legitimists and forebodings among the superstitious, and as it happened the long Wittelsbach reign ended officially only a few years later. But the Wittelsbachs have always understood their people and this is the principal source of their strength. They have a flair for mixing, an ability to enjoy with equal sincerity the company of poet or peasant, and a way of making themselves comfortable in a castle, a rooming house, or a hovel.

In this way they are royal in the very best sense.

For a generation the word Wittelsbach was associated with insanity, but as both royal brothers Ludwig and Otto never married, the mad strains in the family were cut off without infecting the present members.

The most appealing of all the Wittelsbachs was Ludwig II, with his long, flowing hair and Byronic beauty. Trying always to escape from a world of reality into fairy tales he built wild eyries and castles like the castles of Neuschwanstein and Herrenchiemsee, which still survive, monuments to a spirit that longed for freedom.

At the end of his life Ludwig hated eyes and forbade anyone to look at him, ruled by leaving bits of paper where people could find him, or pushing messages under closed doors. Servants who entered his rooms scratched at the door and bent double when they entered.

His mania drove him to build and build until the exchequer could stand no more; penniless and desperate, Ludwig actually planned to exchange all Bavaria for an unspecified French island.

He died in 1886, aged forty-one. On being declared insane he lured his doctor, von Gudden, whom he hated, to a lonely spot on Lake Starnberg where they were both subsequently found dead in a few feet of water. No one knows exactly the circumstances of their death, but there are not many alternatives.

Poor Ludwig; he lived only for beauty and imagination, but his legacy proved more enduring than that of many sane

continued on page 28

GILBERT HARDING

ASKS

Do you hate people?



IN my time I have been an intended parson, a school-master, clerk to a registrar, Police Constable 255, a crammer, a law student and a journalist. They ought to have me in a glass case, in the careers exhibition the Queen opened the other day, as a dreadful warning.

I am the man who never had a career. I zig-zagged about, avoiding work rather than looking for it. Until I was over forty I never "got on." I just moved sideways and, quite often, downwards.

Today I do not consider myself a success. I feel like a man who was suddenly whisked up in a helicopter and dropped upon some perilous and pasteboard eminence to which I endeavour to cling.

In some ways I have been lucky. These careers exhibitions and the books written about "How To Get On" do not, I am sure, give half enough credit to the element of luck in accounting for success.

Lord Beaverbrook, a successful man if ever there was one, has said in his book for ambitious young men and women, "Don't trust to luck." But I seem to recall him telling, once, the story of how he comes to have a scar on his ear.

As a boy he used to go about barefoot in the summer; many of the lads in Newcastle, New Brunswick, did. One autumn day, wearing his boots for the first time, he tagged along, for a ride, behind a big mowing machine. The unaccustomed boots tripped him up and a wheel passed over his head, the cogs making the mark on his ear.

He was unconscious for some time. "When I took hold of the back of that machine," he says, "I was a stupid boy. I was not born with an astute brain. But, after that accident, I was different. I was a clever boy." Now if that was not luck I do not know what is.

We all have luck

When I was in my last year at school I had enough sense to want to go to Cambridge. In those days there were not grants for all who deserved to enjoy a university education. There was one much coveted award, the Fowler Scholarship, going. I failed to get the scholarship; I was merely the runner-up and so destined, with luck, to go to a "red brick" university.

But the chap who beat me had suddenly to abandon all his plans for going to Cambridge. So I stepped into his shoes, and took the most important step of my life.

I am sure we can all think of crossroad occasions of that kind in our lives; lucky breaks which no amount of planning, wire-pulling or

ambitious self-dedication could have brought about.

I can see why Lord Beaverbrook advises the young not to *trust* to luck. If you do—and, to a great extent, I am afraid that I did—you cease to paddle your own canoe. You just drift and become an unhappy wanderer, waiting always for something to turn up. As Matthew Arnold put it:

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That Chance will bring us through.

I know what I should do, if I had the planning of a careers exhibition. I should have it divided into two self-contained parts. Before any young hopeful entered, he or she would have to answer the question: "Do you like the human race—or do you hate its silly face?"

Couldn't care less

That, I am certain, is the all-important question. If the answer to the first part is "yes," go in one door to hear about jobs that mean dealing with people; if "no," try the other door to the jobs where you will deal with things.

We are all made miserable, far more often than we should be, by misfits who have answered this question wrongly. I was infuriated recently by a shop girl who could not have cared less for the people she was supposed to be serving; we made her unhappy, too, I am sure. As a machine operator, or in a store-room, away from personal demands, no doubt she would have worked well and been successful.

For some reason, it is felt to be rather disgraceful to admit that you are not madly keen on people. By temperament many of us are not born lovers of the human race. Yet these days the "good mixer" is supposed to be the most desirable of types.

For everybody's sake square pegs should be kept out of round holes. Looking back on my chequered career, I do see a certain consistency in it, if we forget my unhappy venture into the police. But, even there, I was really on my line; the intention was that I should become an instructor.

But I did not like people in the mass enough to be very successful as a teacher, a crammer, or any of those jobs where one is in very close contact with people.

Radio, I suppose, was made for me, where I could talk to thousands at a distance.

Who am I to say that I have not been lucky?

THE END

£1,000 crossword competition

Judges are still hard at work checking the record number of entries in John Bull's £1,000 Crossword Competition. The results will be published as soon as possible

Falling for

by DUDLEY BARKER



*Dackerman the pilot
had flown too low.
Now, on wings of love
he was flying far too
high—and heading
for disaster...*



THE people of Lesser Bolting were just leaving their thirteenth-century church one fine Sunday morning—the more agile had already reached the fourteenth-century inn—when someone yelled and pointed at the sky. A small military aeroplane was making silently and at alarming speed straight for the village.

"It's one of they Yanks," cried Charlie Rainbird, the publican.

"Bale out, man," shouted Air Commodore Strong (long since retired). "You'll hit the church. Jump, man, jump!"

The Reverend Henry Whitebait put his hand to his mouth in alarm, partly for the safety of the pilot, and partly for that of the loveliest steeple in Essex. But, with a violent flip of his wings, the pilot cleared the church and hurtled towards the exquisite Tudor chimneys of Bolting Hall. The pilot gave another desperate turn to his machine, missed the hall and headed for the roof of the inn. The intending customers scattered across the street, then saw to their horror the pretty head of Charlie Rainbird's daughter Milly protrude inquiringly from an upstairs window.

"Get back in," yelled Charlie.

As though he had seen the girl's danger, the pilot twisted his machine past the side of the inn, skimmed some greenhouses and landed, wheels up, on the village green, avoiding even a hen which fled squawking from his path.

"Damn fine show, Padre," cried the air commodore, who lived at the hall. "Instead of jumping, he risked his life to save the village."

Everyone ran to the green. When the pilot was lifted from the aeroplane, Charlie Rainbird asked anxiously: "Are you all right, son?"

"Sure, I'm okay," replied the pilot. Then he fainted.

They carried him carefully into the inn

parlour, Charlie calling to his daughter to fetch a large brandy.

"A cup of hot tea with plenty of sugar would be better," advised Mrs. Whitebait primly.

Charlie glanced at her with contempt and held the pilot's head while Milly poured the brandy down his throat. The young man coughed, spluttered and gazed into Milly's admiring eyes.

"Who're you, hon?" he asked.

The air commodore elicited the information that the pilot, Lieutenant Al Dackerman, had been on a training flight from the U.S. 31st Air Force Base at Stark Mallowing some twenty miles away, when his engine failed. Only as he came across the top of the elms, seeking open country, had he seen that he was flying right into a village.

"You acted," said the air commodore, "in the best traditions of your service."

"Christian gallantry," approved Mr. Whitebait.

"You might have knocked down quite a lot of history, young man," the air commodore added. After ordering the pilot a large whisky, he went to the telephone to report the mishap to Stark Mallowing.

MRS. WHITEBAIT protested unhappily: "He might be in a state of shock. Really, a warm fruit drink, well sweetened. . . ."

"I'll have a pint of mild," said Bill Croop rather nastily. He was a regular at Charlie Rainbird's pub. And he was sweet on Milly Rainbird.

He didn't much care for the way Milly was looking at this Al Dackerman.

Most of the people now drifted home to Sunday lunches. Milly impatiently served Bill Croop with his pint, then went to lean over the bar towards Lieutenant Dackerman, keeping his glass well filled. When a truck manned by several large Americans in forage caps drew up at the village green and hoisted up the aircraft, the young American had to be helped across the road. He was singing.

Mrs. Whitebait, watching from the vicarage window, remarked to her husband: "That poor boy is suffering from shock, Henry. Pray heaven they haven't done him irreparable harm."

It was the vicar who first suggested that Lesser Bolting should find some way of thanking the hero, and Air Commodore Strong called a village meeting at the hall. Mrs. Whitebait suggested the Women's Institute should work a tapestry of the scene of the aircraft descending on the village, which could be framed as a firescreen. Charlie Rainbird's idea of a cash whip-round was frostily received.

"Give him a map, so's he can see where he's going next time," suggested Bill Croop from the back.

Suddenly Milly said: "Let's ask him to come and stay with us."

"A guest of the village," pondered the air commodore.

"What could be more agreeable," asked the

Milly

*Suddenly Milly stopped dancing
and pushed the lieutenant away.*

*"Al Dackerman, you're a
cheat!" she said. "Sure
am," he agreed unhappily*

ILLUSTRATED BY COLEMAN

Falling for Milly

continued from previous page

vicar, "than a few days in the peace of the English countryside?"

Mrs. Whitebait brightened and said: "We'll ask him to tea at the Women's Institute."

"A garden party," suggested the vicar.

"A cricket match in his honour," put in the air commodore.

"A dance on the green," said Milly softly.

Bill Croop asked bitterly: "If I don't ride my old bike through the shop window, what'll you do for me?" But nobody heeded him.

"As guest of the village," decided the air commodore, "he must stay at the hall. The drill is for me to send the invitation through his commanding officer."

This was agreed, and a few days later came a reply from the Commanding General, U.S. 31st Air Force Base H.Q., declaring that Lieutenant Dackerman accepted the invitation to be community guest of Lesser Bolting, was greatly obligated thereby, would be granted a two-day pass the following Friday through Saturday, and would

arrive in the village at a quarter of 2 p.m.

Most of the villagers were naturally hanging about the green when the lieutenant was due, and were rather annoyed that three jeeps containing American officers and civilians, a large closed van, a radio car and a photographic unit on motor-cycles occupied the centre of the village at about the appointed time.

"I wonder if you chaps'd mind going on a bit," said the air commodore, approaching the leading jeep, "we're expecting a guest."

"Are you the Air Commodore Strong?" an American officer asked. "Well, Commodore, I'm glad to have your acquaintance, sir. I'm Colonel Strindberg, public relations."

The air commodore shook hands.

"OUR two great nations," continued Colonel Strindberg, "work side by side, but there are misunderstandings. We don't always coincide. And then comes this great story of gallantry by a simple, clean American boy, reciprocated by a wonderful human gesture by

all you folks in your little village community."

Colonel Strindberg left his jeep and signalled to the others to dismount.

"But who are all these people?" the air commodore asked.

"Television truck, radio newsreel, photographers, movie outfit and, of course, the newspaper correspondents and the girls from the magazines."

Lieutenant Dackerman in his best uniform was now driving into the village in a small jeep and Colonel Strindberg began to group the villagers for the photographers. "Stand back, the boys there. Get the girls up front. You, sweetheart, what's your name? Milly? Okay, Milly, you get in close to welcome the lieutenant, eh?"

Air Commodore Strong was gazing at all this in stupefaction when a beautiful young woman declared she was from a magazine, and was he the squire?

"Well, we don't exactly have squires these days. I'm just a retired air force officer."

"In my magazine you still have squires," she assured him. "But, say, you're an aviator too? That's quite an angle."

Now that the preliminary appetite of the photographers had been assuaged, the cortège moved on to the hall where, nervous and flustered, the

air commodore's housekeeper received them. Lieutenant Dackerman was pushed forward, and the television commentator, with thrusting microphone, demanded words of welcome.

"Well, certainly," stammered the air commodore. "I mean, it's a pleasure—"

"Thank you, squire," said the commentator brightly. "Now, how about a welcome from the younger generation?" He pushed Milly forward. "Don't you want to give him a kiss?" Then, seeking a young man, he got hold of Bill Croop. "Maybe you'd like to add a word."

Bill Croop nodded and said loudly: "Yankee, go home."

COLONEL STRINDBERG'S laugh broke the awkward silence that followed. Then the reporters swept into the house, inspecting Dackerman's bedroom, inventing a ghost. The air commodore unhappily observed the television commentator disappear into the cellar, from which came the question: "Why've all these bottles got white marks on them?"

"They're port wine," the air commodore started to explain, "and—good heavens, you shouldn't have brought them up. They're not supposed to be disturbed."

"So? Well, now we have, should we try a shot?"

"Oh, by all means," agreed the air commodore, recalling the duties of a host.

The commentator tasted the port. "Not bad," was his verdict, "but it'd be better for a slug of gin."

"Where do you keep the gin, Squire?" asked the beautiful magazine girl.

The Air Commodore gestured helplessly towards a corner cupboard. "I'm afraid I haven't got any ice," he admitted.

Colonel Strindberg now entered with the news that a garden party had been gotten ready for the lieutenant at the vicarage, so the Americans ran out to their vehicles and made their way through the vicarage gate, festooned with flags of both nations. The television commentator began his commentary: "Here, in this peaceful old English garden, the folks of Grateful Village are preparing to welcome the young American who risked his life to save their history and beauty. . . . Where in hell is the lieutenant, anyway?"

"Not here?" asked Colonel Strindberg angrily. "Just keep things rolling, while I go get him."

He drove fiercely back to the Hall, shouting Dackerman's name.

The lieutenant was sitting in the rose grotto with Milly Rainbird, who was questioning him eagerly about New York. Dackerman was bedazed. She was the prettiest girl he had seen since he left North Carolina. "Tell you about Broadway?" he repeated. "Oh, sure."

IT was at that moment that Colonel Strindberg's shouts reached them. "You don't have to answer, do you?" asked Milly.

"Well, hon," said Dackerman nervously, "he is a colonel. . . . Right over here, Colonel."

"And what in hell are you doing right over there?" demanded Colonel Strindberg. "Oh, I get it. Now listen, son," he went on in tenderer tone, putting his arm round Dackerman's shoulders, "A romance is okay. Could be quite an angle. But not today, son. Let's not get our wires crossed. You have a garden party."

So to the garden party they all went, where Dackerman was introduced to the bishop whom the ambitious Mr. Whitebait had invited over to see the celebrations: schoolchildren singing Greensleeves; ducking for apples; hoopla; a shy at five sick-looking coconuts; a lucky dip; very sweet tea from a large metal urn, and cakes baked by Mrs. Whitebait.

There remained only bowling for a pig. All afternoon young men had been bowling at nine-pins in a canvas alley at the bottom of the garden, and Bill Croop—winner of forty pigs in the past

continued on page 34

Charm For A Picnic

West wind, bring not at this hour
Swift descending sodden shower.
South wind, blow not hot and dry

Bits of refuse in the eye.
Keep, O Powers above, our son
Out of trouble till we're done.
Nor let ill befall our daughter
Splashing gaily in the water.
Family feuds, declare a truce;
Tempers, break not at abuse.
Insect life, both ant and fly,
Otherwhere your business ply.
Lastly, falter not nor question,
Triumph over all, digestion!

RICHARD ARMOUR

Somehow It Doesn't Look The Same

I was sold on the girdle I saw in the ad.

But results proved my purchase a blunder.

Could it be that the model displaying it had

Just a bit less anatomy under?

RUTH CHADWICK

Note From The Head

Oscar seems to have got it into his head that coming top in class or being on the winning side in games is a matter of "fixing" the teacher or the umpire rather than doing better than other boys.

When he got all his sums wrong yesterday he accused Miss Frost of having a down on him because he is small and has red hair and he threatened that unless she gave him full marks he would bring his dog to school and make him bite her.

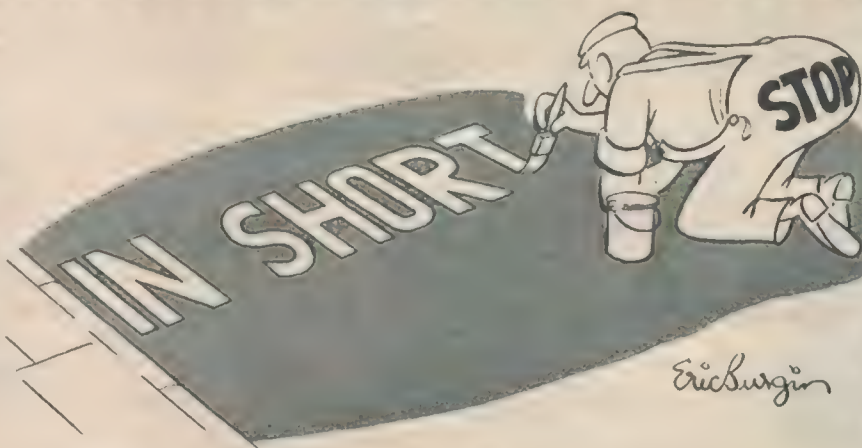
When he is reproved for looking out of the window instead of at the blackboard he mutters that the teacher is wrong if she takes him for a boy it is safe to push around.

This afternoon at cricket he was clean bowled. He lost his temper and insisted that if he had more pocket-money he would be able to bribe the umpire to let him stay in longer.

Already he is talking about the eleven-plus and how much he will have to save up to make sure of passing into the grammar school.

Could you please explain to him that only hard work will get him on—and try to persuade him that this has always applied to both you and me?

R. G. G. PRICE



Let's Go To The Pictures

We must look at the photos outside before we go in, Bert.

Why? Don't you know whether you want to see it?

Of course I want to see it. You know I adore Tony Curtis. But I like looking at the pictures outside first. Shirley saw it last night. She says it's wonderful. Look—that must be the scene where Joan Collins tells her father, Walter Pidgeon, that she loves Tony.

He looks cut-up about it. Yes, because he wants her to marry Van Johnson. That next one is where she tells Van Johnson that she loves Tony Curtis, and not him.

He's taking it very well. Well, although he loves her, he knows that he's going to die of an incurable disease, so he couldn't

have married her anyway. What's this next photo? I can't make it out.

You'll have to stand on your head. It's upside down.

Look—there's a real dreamy one of Tony. He's telling Walter Pidgeon that he's going to Africa, and he'll be away ten years. But when he comes back he's going to ask Joan Collins to marry him.

There he is in Africa. He's reading a letter.

It's from Joan Collins. It says that Van Johnson isn't going to die after all. And he wants to marry her. That next one is Joan Collins reading a letter from Tony. Shirley says it's lovely. She cried.

What does it say?

He says that even if she does marry Van Johnson he'll always love her. But he doesn't tell her that he's got only one arm now.

Who's got one arm?

Tony Curtis! He lost it in a fight with a lion, when he was saving a beautiful native girl. But Joan Collins marries him in the end, because she knows that his love is true and will last for ever. Let's go in—I'm dying to see it, aren't you?

MICHAEL O'LEARY

Mass Production

A codfish lays a million eggs;

A chicken, just a single.

Oh, what a fortune I'd amass

If I could make them mingle!

NOEL SCOTT



Every clever inch a beauty-the Austin

THE good looks of the A40 are splendidly self-evident. And the good looks make good sense: four people can relax — positively sprawl — in this little car. There's far more headroom, legroom and elbowroom. The boot is built to the same spacious formula — and with the back seat down, you double its capacity.

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AUSTIN LOOKS YEARS AHEAD

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME by Roger Smithells



In a country town, where there's plenty going on . . .



In a quiet village . . .



... or a country cottage with a large garden

So you're going to



BUYING a house is often the most important financial transaction a man makes in his lifetime. If you buy the right house in the right place at the right price, it is a good step towards living happily ever after; but if you buy a house that is no good, and pay more than it is worth, or more than you can afford, it can lead to financial ruin, illness and worse. In some ways it is like getting married—a chancy business, especially if you rush into it headlong, allowing superficial charm or romantic associations to distract you from more important practical matters. But there is this big difference. Whereas after marriage divorce is never easy, you can always sell a house—and sometimes make a profit on the deal.

Choosing the district

As a house-hunter you are not always free to choose the district in which you are going to live. Circumstances beyond your control may settle the matter for you. But sometimes you find yourself torn between the rival attractions of town and country, or of being near your wife's relations or miles away from them. You are like an iron filing surrounded by magnets of varying strength, some attracting and some repelling, and you have to find the point of equilibrium where all the influences are balanced.

There are sometimes purely personal magnets with more pull than all the others put together. For instance, there is the keen fisherman, unable to resist the lure of a good fishing river—even if it means that his wife has to travel ten miles to the nearest shop; or the man who doesn't mind where he lives so long as it's next door to a pub. And sometimes the health of a delicate child will override all other considerations.

Once the district has been chosen the house hunt can begin. It is no use starting off with a defeatist attitude and allowing the first hint of a snag to put you off. In spite of all the talk about housing shortages, and council waiting lists, there are houses to be found. And it is the persistent, incurably optimistic, courageous and imaginative people who find them. Imagination is a particularly valuable asset because it enables you to see possibilities in properties which appear

quite hopeless to most people—and are, therefore, going cheap. There are plenty of houses which only need a few trimmings and a touch of paint to transform them into pleasant homes. Some people with a flair for this sort of thing make a very good living (with no deductions for income tax) out of resuscitating the derelict, cheering up the dismal, beautifying the hideous or replanning the uninhabitable—and selling at a profit.

If you are moving into a district you don't know well, don't be in a hurry to buy. A house which appears to a newcomer to be a snip may have snags which are very obvious to local people. For instance it may be to leeward of a tannery, a sewage farm, a fish-manure factory or a gas works—which would not be apparent if inspected only on windless days.

Spend as much time as you can in your chosen district. If you can manage, live in it, in furnished rooms, for a month or two. Talk to the local people at every opportunity, in pubs and shops, at the golf club or as you come out of church. Follow up every path, however unpromising it may appear, for it might lead to the house of your dreams.

Local newspapers are of great value to the house-hunter, and repay the closest study. Apart from the columns of "Houses for Sale" and estate agents' advertisements, there is any amount of information which can influence your choice of locality, especially the reports of meetings of the local council—the granting of a licence for a caravan park, proposals to move the municipal slaughterhouse or to build a new school. Reports of prices fetched at property auction sales are also valuable.

Answer promptly

It is essential to answer advertisements promptly. It is the person who phones, telegraphs or goes round to see the advertiser on the morning of the day the advertisement appears who secures the bargain.

An advertisement inserted in a local paper (or in a paper which specializes in property, of which there are several) can bring good results, especially if it has an original or humorous twist to attract attention. One result it will

Now that you are going to buy your own home at last—here are some pointers that will help you find the right house



In a convenient suburb
with buses and trains...



...or in the city, near
to shops and schools

buy a house

certainly have is to bring in lists of suitable properties from the local estate agents.

Estate agents must obviously be consulted. Probably ninety-five per cent of properties sold pass through their hands. Usually it is only necessary to go to one, for if he is a member of one of the three chartered Institutes of Auctioneers, Estate Agents, Surveyors and Valuers, he will pass your inquiry on to his colleagues, with whom he will probably have an agreement about sharing commission. If you go to several agents, and eventually settle on a property which is on the books of several, the owner may get claims for commission from all the agents. This will cause trouble, and might even prevent the completion of the deal. In some cities the local estate agents have formed alliances, so that every property that comes on the market appears on the books of all members. The members sometimes agree between them that no "For Sale" notices are put up.

Snags and defects

Remember that the estate agent is acting first and foremost for the person who is selling the property (the vendor), from whom he earns his commission. He is under no obligation to point out snags or defects (such as the presence of dry rot in the timbers, or the imminence of a road widening scheme that will remove the front garden), even if he is well aware of them, provided they can be discovered by reasonable investigation. On the other hand he will not deliberately mislead you, or withhold information if asked a direct question.

Remember, too, that an estate agent is an inveterate optimist, who can turn every defect into an apparent virtue. What some would describe as a ramshackle hovel in the last stages of decay, the estate agent will call "an old world cottage of character."

If you can't do it yourself it is a good idea to instruct an estate agent or surveyor to act as your professional adviser. He will look at all possible houses on your behalf, summing up their rival attractions and drawbacks (impartially and impersonally), survey and value the one you choose, and generally negotiate the purchase on your behalf.

Before you can tell whether a house suits you, you must find the answers to the following ten questions.

Is it in the right place? Only you can answer this, for no one else can feel

is advisable not to hobble yourself by laying down a rigid list of accommodation.

This seemingly unsuitable house can often be adapted very easily to meet your needs—and you can sometimes adapt your needs to suit a house.

For instance, it is silly to insist on a separate dining-room, and refuse to look at a house which hasn't got one. Probably it used to have one, but the partition dividing it off from the living-room may have been taken down by the previous owners to make a more open plan. You can either reinstate the partition, or get used to eating in the living-room.

It is better that the house should be too big than too small. Bigger houses are often cheaper than small ones to buy, and there is no need to use or furnish the superfluous rooms. Additions, on the other hand, are expensive, and may be impossible (see later).

Want a garden?

Few people have difficulty in making up their minds whether they want a garden or not. It is a matter of balancing the bother and expense against the many advantages. This is a crucial point. It is usually possible to enlarge or transform a house, but if it has not got a garden or space for one, nothing can be done about it.

Incidentally, if you want to keep fowls or other livestock in the garden, make a point of inquiring at an early stage whether this is permitted.

Is the house in a sound condition? The quiz on this page will give you a rough idea of the structural condition of the house, but if you have any doubts, or want to make absolutely certain that there are no serious hidden defects, you should employ a surveyor or an architect to make a proper survey. (There is a slight advantage in employing a surveyor rather than an architect for he can, if you wish, value the property at the same time. On the other hand, the architect is the best person to tell you whether the house is suitable for conversion or enlargement.) He will do the job very thoroughly, testing the drains, examining the plumbing and the electrical

installation, and searching for, and finding, the cause of every crack or blemish; and if, within a reasonable time, some defect appears that the surveyor could have discovered, but didn't, you can take him to court and sue him for damages. Because of this his report is likely to be very pessimistic. He will draw attention to every defect, however trivial—and he leaves you guessing how much it will cost to put things right.

The surveyor to a building society acts for the society, and not for the person who is borrowing the money. It is his job to decide whether a property is a good investment for the society, and he is under no obligation to point out to you any defects.

Will the house be comfortable? This is a very difficult question to answer, for the comfort of a house depends on many things—on its situation, the way it is built, its planning, its services and its furnishing.

If you have doubts on this point it would be wise to consult an architect. From his experience and knowledge of the insulating value of different building materials he can tell whether a house is likely to be warm in winter and cool in summer; and if not whether it is at all possible to improve the insulation.

The amount of shelter from cold winds, the thickness of the walls, the materials they are made of, the size of the windows, how well they fit, the direction they face in relation to the compass point, the type of roof, the materials it is covered with—all these things have a bearing on whether a house will retain heat and keep out cold.

An expert's view

An architect, too, is the best judge of whether a house is well planned. He can assess factors like the communication between kitchen and dining-room, the views from the windows, the amount of space wasted in passages and landings, the proportions of the rooms, the ability of the party wall (in the case of a semi-detached house) to resist the passage of noise, all have a bearing on comfort.

Finally the services. You must find out whether the heating system, if any, is adequate, the hot-water supply

Is the house in good condition?

If you can answer "yes" to all questions, you have probably found a first-class house. Every "no" could mean a future expenditure of £25 to £500

WALLS 1. Are they absolutely vertical? 2. Are they free from major cracks? 3. Are beams or lintels over the door and window openings level and intact? 4. Is there an effective damp-proof course?

ROOF 5. Are all the slates or tiles present and correct? 6. Is the ridge of the roof straight (i.e. not sagging)? 7. Is the roof surface smooth? (i.e. not ridged or corrugated, with the rafters showing through like the ribs of a starving horse). 8. Are the chimney stacks straight and true? 9. Is the condition of the gutters and down pipes sound?

INTERNAL 10. Are the walls free from damp patches, or defects in decorations due to damp? (Be suspicious of the house or room that has just been redecorated.) 11. Are the upstairs ceilings free from damp or stains? 12. Is the house generally in a good state of decorative repair? (One usually expects to have to redecorate, if only to suit one's own taste in wallpaper, but a house is in good decorative repair if there are no defects in the plaster surfaces or woodwork that will not be cured by a layer of wallpaper or a coat of paint.) 13. Is woodwork generally smooth and straight, free from wormholes or patches of rot or fungus decay? (The recognition of the different types of rot and decay is really a specialist's job. Any softening or wrinkling of woodwork, or patches of mould, should be regarded with grave

suspicion.) 14. Where the floors are boarded, can you stand in the middle of the room and jump up and down without undue vibration? 15. Where the floors are concrete, stone, brick, tile or other solid material, are they dry and free from cracks? 16. Do the fires in the main rooms burn well? (You can always tell if they don't by the smoky darkening of the decorations above the fireplace.) 17. Do windows and doors generally fit well, and open and close easily? 18. Are door catches, locks, handles, window catches, bolts, hinges, etc., generally of good quality and in good condition?

SERVICES 19. Are the drains connected to the main sewer? 20. Does the water supply come from the mains? 21. Is there a hot water system of fairly modern type, in good working order? 22. Is mains electricity connected? 23. If so, is the installation fairly up to date? (If the switches are of old-fashioned type, and the plugs have two pins instead of three it is probable that the house will soon need rewiring.) 24. Is there a sufficient number of socket outlets where you want them? 25. Is there a central heating system and if so is it in working order? (If there isn't one, and you don't consider one necessary you can ignore this question.) 26. Is gas connected? And is there a telephone? If not, can they be connected? (If not, and you don't require these services, ignore this question.)

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

efficient, and the light points well placed.

Will the house be expensive to keep up? There are two questions here.

(a) What will it cost annually to keep the house and garden in good condition?

There are houses which require very little maintenance. I know of one, built on the sea coast, that has had nothing spent on it in the last fifty years, and is still as good as new. Walls are of granite, roof of slate, gutters of lead, external doors of teak, window frames of bronze, suspended floors of reinforced concrete, internal woodwork of oak, floors of flags, tiles or maple—and the plaster on the internal walls has never been decorated, though it is cleaned periodically.

On the other hand, there are houses—small ones, too—that need painting every two or three years, at a cost of £100 or more.

In this respect houses built of brick, stone or unpainted cedar wood are preferable to those with plastered or stuccoed walls.

The cost of maintaining fences, gates, drives, paths and the garden generally can also vary enormously. Here a lot depends on how much you are prepared to do yourself.

(b) What will it cost to keep the house warm and the water hot?

This is a question of assessing, by observation and inquiry, the efficiency of different installations—and only years of experience can enable you to do this with any accuracy. Perhaps it is best to be pessimistic, and to assume that unless the boiler, pipes, cylinder, radiators, etc., are obviously new, they are probably old-fashioned

and will sooner or later have to be replaced or reorganized.

Can it be modernized or improved if necessary? You must get permission from the Local Council and the Planning Authority before you make any alteration or addition that will affect the appearance, the structure or the drains, or alter the "user" of the building (by turning a barn into a house, or a house into flats, for instance). Applications for such permission have to be made on special forms, and must be accompanied by plans showing the proposals, but it is usually possible to get the authorities to tell you beforehand whether any improvements you have in mind will be acceptable to them.

If you want to know how much the alterations are likely to cost, you must, of course, consult an architect or a builder.

Under certain circumstances grants can be obtained from local authorities towards the cost of carrying out improvements to property which is sub-standard in condition or amenities. Details of the grants scheme can be obtained from the local council.

Is it a fair price?

A house is worth what it fetches on the open market: and the vendor is at liberty to ask any price he likes. He may, if he lives in a district where property values are low, be lucky enough to find a buyer from a more expensive area willing to pay twice its real value, under the impression he is getting a bargain. That is one reason why, if you're buying a house in a district you don't know well, it is worth having it valued, by a local valuer, before committing yourself. It

may not help you get the house for less, but you will at least know whether you are getting your money's worth.

The valuer takes into consideration the situation of the house, from the point of view of health, social advantages, proximity to public transport, etc., its age, type and structural condition, its plan, services and so on. His local knowledge of future development schemes, etc., naturally influences his calculations, but he is not obliged to "make a search"—in other words he assumes that the house is freehold, if so described by the vendor, and that there are no serious invisible encumbrances.

Can I afford to buy it? In the article below there is a summary of the various financial considerations in buying a house.

Making an offer

When you have found a house that seems to satisfy all your requirements you will probably want to make sure that no one else buys it before you do. You can, of course, hand over the necessary cash there and then—but this is not a wise thing to do.

The usual procedure is to make an offer "subject to contract" (or "subject to contract and survey" if you still have doubts about its structural soundness, and intend to have it surveyed). Don't be in too much of a hurry to make your offer, for snags may be discovered later which will make you wish you hadn't offered so much, or showed so clearly your keenness to buy. Don't be afraid, either, of offering considerably less than the price that is asked. You can always increase your offer—but you can't very well reduce it without good reason. Don't make your offer in writing—or you may make a binding contract without intending to. Having agreed a figure it is best to go at once to your solicitor.

You can, if you like, pay a deposit

amounting to one tenth of the purchase price immediately your offer is accepted. (If you do, make sure the receipt is endorsed "Subject to Contract.") The only point of paying the deposit at this stage is that it makes it clear to the vendor that you have some money and mean business. If you change your mind later you can still back out, and get your deposit back. Unfortunately, the vendor can also back out, and return your deposit, if someone offers him a higher price, or if he simply changes his mind. Once contracts have been exchanged, however, the deal is binding, and neither party can back out without good reason—such as the discovery of some serious legal snag or (if the offer is subject to survey) of some important structural defect. If you change your mind after signing the contract you will almost certainly lose your deposit.

The contract, to which your offer is subject, is a document agreed between vendor and purchaser (or their solicitors on their behalf) stating the agreed purchase price, and the date and place for completion, and any other details of the agreement. It should not be confused with the conveyance, which becomes part of the deeds of the house and is handed over in exchange for the balance of the purchase money on completion.

Investigations

Between the exchange of contracts and the completion of the deal, your surveyor and your solicitor make their investigations.

Even if you feel competent to judge the structural condition of the house yourself it is very unwise not to employ a surveyor.

It is also unwise to buy a house without employing a solicitor, although it is not illegal to draw up your own contract, and prepare the conveyance yourself. An operation like "making a search," to discover whether there are

So you're going to buy a house

HOW TO RAISE THE MONEY

If you do not have sufficient capital to buy a house outright, there are several ways of obtaining a loan for the purpose. Your yearly repayments even including interest, will probably be no more than you would pay to a landlord in rent. And, as a result of these repayments, you will one day live rent free. The type of house you choose, the district, your age and income group, are all facts which will have a bearing on the loan you get.

BUILDING SOCIETY LOANS

At one time it was possible to obtain mortgage loans from building societies to help you to buy most types of property, but during 1957 and 1958 the building societies were comparatively short of funds and it was difficult to obtain loans on old houses. Funds are now more plentiful, however, and also under a new scheme, the government proposes to release money to building societies for the purchase of cheaper houses built prior to 1919. Soon there should be nothing to stop any borrower (with the right income) from buying a soundly constructed house, whatever its age.

When you apply for a loan, the building society sends its own surveyor to value the property you wish to buy. Their loan offer will be based on their surveyor's valuation. This may not be

the same figure as the owner is asking for the house.

Usually the loan offered is for 80 per cent of the surveyor's valuation figure. But it is sometimes possible to increase this to 85 per cent or even 95 per cent. To obtain this additional loan you may be asked to take out a mortgage guarantee policy with an insurance company, the premium for which may be added to your loan.

The interest rate charged by the building society is liable to fluctuate but is

usually about 6 per cent. Repayment generally extends over 20 or 25 years.

You must have some capital of your own to cover a small percentage of the purchase price and certain initial costs even when a maximum loan has been granted.

The building society will require an assurance that your monthly repayment to them is not going to exceed your weekly income. If you study the table on this page, you will see at a glance the approximate cost of the house, which you can buy according to your income, and the amount of capital you will require.

INSURANCE SCHEME

It is possible to combine a mortgage loan with an insurance scheme. This guarantees that if the borrower dies, the house will become the absolute property of the dependants without further payments.

Over and above legal and surveying costs, there is also stamp duty to be met.

Sometimes there are search and registration fees as well. On a £2,000 house you can expect to pay something in the

region of £60 to cover these initial costs.

ENDOWMENT SCHEME

It is possible to take out an endowment assurance policy arranged through an insurance company for the amount of the mortgage loan on your house. Interest is paid in the usual way. When the endowment policy is fully paid up, or in the event of the death of the holder, the money is used to pay off the loan. The cost of this arrangement, compared with the normal type of repayment mortgage, will depend upon your tax position.

LOCAL AUTHORITY LOANS

Your local authority has the power to lend money for house purchase. The rate of interest charged on a 20-year loan is likely to be about 6 per cent at the present time. Conditions vary from district to district but the usual maximum loan is 90 per cent on the total value of the property. The local council has the property valued and retains the right to inspect it at any time and to increase the rate of interest on an overdue instalment.

BANK LOANS

It is sometimes possible to obtain a short-term loan for house purchase from your bank. You will be asked to provide substantial securities and the interest will be 1 per cent above the bank rate.

Remember that mortgages, insurance policies, and repairs to a house may entitle you to tax reliefs, which you should claim.

BUILDING SOCIETY SAVINGS

It is possible to open a savings account with your building society and save to buy a house at a future date, perhaps a dream cottage for your retirement. As building societies operate on money borrowed from savers, the more you save, the more money there will be to loan to people who want to buy their own homes.

CAPITAL REQUIRED FOR HOUSE PURCHASE

Annual Income	£ 800/900	£ 1,200/1,300	£ 1,600/1,700
Value of House	2,400	3,600	4,800
Twenty-year mortgage (say 90%)	2,160	3,240	4,320
Personal capital required			
(a) Down payment	240	360	480
(b) Approximate initial cost ..	70	110	160
Total personal capital required ..	£310	£470	£640

any easements or restrictive covenants, which is a matter of simple routine to a solicitor, can be very difficult if you don't know how to set about it.

If you buy a property without "making a search," you are assumed to know everything you would have found out if you had done so. You have no legal come-back even if you can prove, for instance, that the vendor must have known, before he sold it, that the property was in a slum clearance area. If, however, the vendor makes a misrepresentation by describing the property as a dwelling house when in fact it is the subject of a demolition order and cannot be used as a dwelling house, then you can bring an action to recover your money.

The solicitor also investigates the title—to see whether the property is freehold or leasehold, and whether the vendor is the owner of the property he is selling—and generally makes certain that everything is in order.

Buying a property at an auction

When a house is offered for sale by auction, the procedure is naturally different. All preliminary investigations, including survey, must be made before the auction takes place, and once your bid has been accepted you cannot back out unless a flaw is found in the title or description. You must also arrange the financial side of the deal beforehand with your bank or your mortgagee (if you intend to borrow the money) and be prepared to pay a deposit of ten per cent of the successful bid there and then.

Before going to an auction sale you should have a firm idea of the value of the property to you, and be determined not to exceed this figure, however great the temptation. Never discuss beforehand with the auctioneer what you have in mind to bid, for all auction sales of property are made subject to a reserve price, and the reserve is never lower than the highest price ventured by a potential purchaser. Bidding is a skilled process, and some people are temperamentally incapable of doing it sensibly. People who think twice about paying a few pence a pound more for better quality sausages may find themselves spending, on the spur of the moment, hundreds of pounds more than they can afford.

Completion

When investigations are complete, and your solicitor has agreed with the vendor's solicitor on the wording of the conveyance, completion takes place, usually at the offices of the vendor's solicitor. The two clients are never present. The vendor's solicitor hands over the conveyance, the title deeds and the keys of the property, and your solicitor hands over the balance of the purchase money. The actual figure for the completion statement depends on various adjustments that have to be made by adding a portion of the rates and other outgoings which have been paid in advance by the vendor, and subtracting a proportion of Schedule A income tax, which you will have to pay later. There may also be fixtures and fittings to be included.

Of course, you don't have to buy your house ready made. Next week I shall be writing about building a home of your own.

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with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear



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The uneasy heads

continued from page 19

monarchs. His dreams survive in his crazy castles and he will always be acknowledged as one of the most important patrons of Richard Wagner.

On his death the crown should have passed to his younger brother, Otto, but he too was mad, incarcerated in the Castle of Furstenried where he lived like a ghost, his white face pressed to a window for hour after hour and year after year, comprehending nothing.

Otto went mad young and then lived on to 1916 to the age of sixty-eight. As he was incapable of ruling, his uncle Prince Luitpold became Regent. Luitpold was as sane and normal as can be. So was his sister, Princess Alexandra, who felt the weight of the family curse on her spirit, entered the Church and became Abbess of St. Anne's Convent in Munich.

Nothing has had any effect on the family's traditional popularity. Few monarchs have been so favoured by their subjects. The Bavarian people love their kings no matter how they behave.

They loved Ludwig I when he was making himself ridiculous over the Irish adventures Lola Montez. They loved Ludwig II. They loved Otto. They loved Prince Luitpold who faithfully followed the Wittelsbach tradition of longevity and died in 1912 at the age of ninety-two. They loved Ludwig III, even though they were constrained to chase him from the throne in the confusion of October and November, 1918.

Uncrowned king

The best-loved king of them all was never crowned. He was Crown Prince Rupprecht who succeeded Ludwig III and died in 1955 at the age of eighty-six.

Rupprecht was truly a king, one of those old-fashioned knights who inspired awe by the catholicism of their gifts and talents. He was a splendid soldier and by 1955 he was the last of the Kaiser's field-m Marshals still surviving.

Like all the Wittelsbachs Rupprecht was intensely artistic, and was particularly an expert on Chinese and Indian art.

He climbed mountains and swam until he was eighty. He could turn a nice phrase and wrote good books. He was a first-class shot. In 1921 when he was impoverished and fifty-two he won the heart of a princess, Antonia of Luxembourg, thirty years his junior, and had six children by her to add to his only son by his first marriage. His last child, Princess Sophie, was born when he was sixty-six years old.

As a symbol of the superman, he was to intelligent Bavarians much more real and tangible than any Hitlerian myth. During the hard days after the second World War his appearances in the devastated streets of Munich were greeted rapturously as those of King George VI in London.

He accepted the title "Majesty" as easily as if he were entitled to it, and in 1933 he almost became so.

At that time the Bavarian legislature worried about Hitler's increasing influence in Munich, and thought that one way to counter it would be to proclaim Bavaria a monarchy. The Minister-President called on Rupprecht at Nymphenburg and told him about it, but Rupprecht was dubious and the idea was soon afterwards declared unconstitutional.

Next the idea was proposed to make Rupprecht a *Staatskommissar* of Bavaria, a rank not dissimilar to that of governor of an American state. This Rupprecht thought was possible, and a popularity contest between Rupprecht and Hitler promised, at least, to be a good fight.

Then nerves began to go. No one except Rupprecht really relished the thought of baiting Hitler.

General von Blomberg warned the

Everybody's Puzzling

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

Jack, Sam, and Pete went out for a day's hunting. At lunchtime Pete discovered that he had lost his food packet. Jack had 8 sandwiches, and Sam had 7 sandwiches, so they agreed to pool them and divide them equally. Peter was to pay 2s. 6d. for his share.

After the meal Pete handed 1s. 4d. to Jack and 1s. 2d. to Sam. Jack protested that this was not just. Why?

QUIZZLE

The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

A. A historic Royal residence (3, 6, 2, 13).

CLUES ACROSS

- A. A German.
- B. Such an injection is subcutaneous.
- C. Weird.
- D. Slang term for certain type of small house.
- E. Matter deposited by rivers.
- F. Name of hill connecting Fleet St. with St. Paul's Cathedral.
- G. Oaktree fruit.
- H. Dead animal flesh.
- I. The way out.
- J. Woodwind instrument.
- K. Front view (4-4).
- L. Sunk fence (2-2).
- M. Guns, munitions, etc.
- N. Eel-like fish with sucker mouth.
- O. Veil worn by Mohammedan women.
- P. Degenerating or moving backwards.
- Q. Public vehicle.
- R. Musical accompaniment.
- S. Scribble meaninglessly.
- T. Mongrel.
- U. X must suffice in a letter.
- V. Small Hawaiian guitar.
- W. Tibia.
- X. Authorized.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52								

A		1		2					
B				3	4	5			
C					6		7		
D		8			9				
E	10					11			
F		12	13			14			
G		15		16					
H				17		18			
I	19					20			
J		21							
K					22		23		
L		24	25						
M			26			27	28		
N		29				30			
O			31						
P	32						33	34	
Q			35			36			
R	37	38						39	
S	40	41							
T	42	43							
U			44			45			
V		46							
W			47	48	49				
X				50	51			52	

NOW TURN TO PAGE 33 FOR THE ANSWERS

Minister-President that any kind of separatist move on the part of Bavaria might result in troops being summoned. Rupprecht did not believe it, and the Cabinet urged him to press the claim. When, however, he realized they were pushing him without backing he withdrew and the idea failed.

In the second World War, Rupprecht's wife, Crown Princess Antonia, was arrested and sent to Buchenwald where she was cruelly tortured.

Rupprecht himself was harried out of Bavaria and driven into hiding at the home of a friend in Italy. At the end of the war Antonia was moved to Switzerland to recuperate, but died there from the treatment she had received.

Rupprecht had lived a long life in the shadow of family tragedies and political instability.

He had been born in 1869, the year before the Franco-Prussian War. He went on to survive the Kaiser, Hitler, and two world wars, and he lived to see

the rebirth of his beloved Munich from the ruins of the second World War.

In May, 1954, on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday, the Muncheners let him see what they thought of him. Brass bands and a thousand torches led the enormous crowd up the Nymphenburgerstrasse to the castle. The crowds roared out Bavarian songs, shouted "Long Live our Lawful King" and sang the Bavarian national anthem.

Bavarian students enjoy demonstrations at any time; all the same, this was a moving show of affection for a prince whom Theodor Heuss, President of the German Republic, said in a telegram of tribute "Has been active and sharing in our sorrows."

Inside the castle secretaries sorted out thousands of letters and telegrams of congratulation, many from England, more from Scotland.

Nominally Rupprecht was the Stuart Pretender to the throne of England. The direct line of the Stuarts ended in 1807 with the death of Cardinal York, brother of Bonnie Prince Charlie, who might have become England's Henry IX.

His death made the head of the family Charles of Savoy, King of Sardinia, and a descendant of Maria, daughter of Charles I. Victor Emmanuel came next, and was succeeded by his daughter who married the Duke of Modena. With the Modenas the claim rested and descended to Rupprecht's mother Princess Marie Theres of Modena, the last of that family.

From time to time, Rupprecht was even proclaimed King by Oxford students on a spree, but he did not take his claim very seriously. He might be said to have implicitly renounced it when he attended the Coronation of King George V in 1911.

He permitted his daughters to wear the Stuart tartan when they put on the

kilt, and when he died in 1955 the Royal Stuart Society in London went into mourning.

Between Rupprecht and his son and successor, Crown Prince Albrecht, there is a vast difference of personality. Albrecht is popular because it is the pattern of his family to be popular. But the instinctive regality of Rupprecht has gone.

Albrecht is a complicated man. The family love of hunting is with him a passion. He hates royal protocol and royal appearances, and he is happy in the forests and the mountains.

He likes talking to peasants, to dress as a peasant, and speaks German with a broad Bavarian accent.

When he became the head of the family he recalled for the benefit of the Court that it was a former convention of the Wittelsbachs that no one be styled "Royal Highness" until they were eighteen, and even after that "Highness" is preferred. He used this half-forgotten tradition as an excuse to escape from the title of "Majesty."

Died in air crash

He spends many months a year out of Bavaria in Brazil, where he is very interested in forestation and wild life schemes.

One thinks of the Wittelsbachs as the most powerful and the most royal of the German Houses. At the same time the Hanovers remain well entrenched in Hanover, and the House of Baden commands great respect in the country.

Two other Houses have recovered from cruel family losses. One of them, the Hesse family, lost five of its members in an air crash in November, 1937. The Archduke George, his wife the Archduchess Cecilia (third sister of Prince Philip), the Dowager Archduchess Eleonore, Prince Ludwig and Prince Alexander.

The aircraft crashed at Ostend while carrying the family to the wedding of Prince Ludwig and Miss Margaret Geddes, sister of the present Lord Geddes, who are now the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse. A baby born at the instant of Cecilia's death was buried with her.

The Hesse family, nevertheless, are still influential in royal affairs.

The other family, the Wettins of Saxony, were crippled by Russian occupation, and compromised by family scandal, the last Queen of Saxony having run off first with a Belgian gentleman and subsequently an Italian. However, the present head of the family, Margrave Meissen, married Prince Thurn und Taxis, scion of a family which once held the postal franchise in Germany and is still rich from it.

The German royal families' chief hope, remote though it is, remains in the basic royalism of the German people, and even here Louis Ferdinand's thunder could be stolen by the Archduke Otto with his irrepressible dynamism, and his intense ambition.

A readable but tiny magazine called *Tradition und Leben* published in Cologne by an overworked and dedicated couple, the Baron and Baroness Heinrich von Massenbach, devotes itself to spreading the monarchist faith with particular emphasis on the Hohenzollerns, but this is toy artillery compared with the big guns of Otto with his powerful Austrian organization and the well-financed activities of *Neues Abendland*.

It is not surprising that Otto, a Catholic, causes anxiety to Louis, who sees his beloved country, or much of it, lost to a rival whose wiles he cannot hope to match and dominated by a religion which is alien to his northern Lutheran mind.

So far as Nazism is concerned, the hands of the German royal houses are fairly clean. Wilhelm of Hesse was briefly Nazi, and so was one of the Kaiser's younger sons, but Hitler distrusted princes and despised those who joined him.

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NEXT WEEK: The king who lost his throne - by majority vote

THUMBTHING by Stowell



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The alibi

continued from page 6

we have come to this arrangement. To tell you the truth, I was getting desperate."

She turned and smiled at him again over her shoulder. "So was I," she said. "If you hadn't appeared . . . I don't know what I'd have done."

They stood together at the top of the basement stair. What an amazing thing! It was an act of God, then, that he had suddenly arrived. He stared at her, shocked.

"You've been in some trouble, then?" he asked.

SHE gestured with her hands, and the look of apathy, of despair, returned to her face. "Trouble? It's trouble enough to be a stranger in this country, and for the father of my little boy to go off and leave me without any money, and not to know where to turn. I tell you, Mr. Sims, if you had not come today. . . ." She did not finish her sentence, but glanced towards the child tied to the foot-scraper. "Poor Johnnie," she said, "it's not your fault."

"Poor Johnnie indeed," echoed Fenton, "and poor you. Well, I'll do my part to put an end to your troubles, I assure you."

"You're very good. I thank you."

"On the contrary, I thank you." He made her a little bow and, bending down, touched the top of the child's head. "Goodbye, Johnnie, see you tomorrow." His victim gazed back at him without expression.

"Goodbye, Mrs. . . . Mrs. . . . ?"

"Kaufman, is the name. Anna Kaufman."

She watched him down the steps and through the gate. The banished cat slunk past his legs on a return journey to the broken window. Fenton waved his hat with a flourish.

"See you tomorrow," he called, and set off down Boulting Street with the jaunty step of someone at the start of a great adventure. His high spirits did not even desert him when he arrived at his own front-door. He let himself in with his latch-key and went up the stairs humming.

EDNA, as usual, was on the telephone—he could hear interminable conversation of one woman to another. The drinks were set out on the small table in the drawing-room. The cocktail biscuits were laid ready, and the tray of salted almonds. The extra glasses meant that visitors were expected. Edna put her hand over the mouthpiece of the receiver and said: "The Alhusons will be coming. I've asked them to stay on for cold supper."

Her husband smiled and nodded. Long before his usual time he poured himself a thimbleful of sherry to round off the conspiracy, the perfection, of the past hour.

The conversation on the telephone ceased.

"You look better," said Edna. "The walk did you good."

Her innocence amused him so much that he nearly choked.

It was a lucky thing that the woman had mentioned an artist's props. He would have looked a fool arriving the following afternoon with nothing. As it was, it meant an expedition, after

WHEN turning to left or to right, do you always rely entirely on trafficators or flashing indicators? You are quite within the law to do so.

But the safest and clearest method is the one taught to police drivers, and that is to supplement mechanical signals by first putting out your arm and hand.

Many cars have trafficator arms that do not move or light up properly and a flashing indicator can be confused with a brake light.

Some drivers seldom or never give hand-signals. They say that having their side-windows down causes a draught. This excuse isn't valid. You can deal with the draught by lowering the rear window on the driver's side about six inches.

Furthermore, car accessory shops these days have very efficient draught excluders.

If every driver resolved to give early signals there would be a big drop in road accidents. At present, one of the main causes of accidents is trying to turn to the right without giving signals in plenty of time.

The habit of giving late signals can become dangerous if left unchecked. The driver finds himself struggling to make the signal at the same time as he is changing gear.

The result is either no signal at all or, much worse, both hands off the steering wheel.

Jokes about motorists who stick

a few fingers out of the window, making the driver behind wonder whether it is to give warning of a new manoeuvre or merely to flick ash off a cigarette, are unfortunately well founded.

An important point when making a hand-signal is to extend the arm beyond the side of the vehicle as far as the elbow.

Before turning . . .

Also, help the driver behind by making the signal clearly—though not, of course, for so long that you have to drive a distance with only one hand on the wheel.

When signalling "I am going to stop," lower and raise your arm three or four times; similarly, move your arm at least several times when signalling "I am ready to be overtaken" or "I am going to turn or move over to the left." Before turning or moving to the right, keep your hand out, with the palm facing forwards and fingers extended and close together, for several seconds.

It is a rash driver who has complete faith in the signals of others. If the motorist in front puts his arm out to the right, it is not a bad

BE A BETTER DRIVER

Danger signals

plan to be mentally alert in case he turns to the left.

And when the driver ahead waves you to overtake, accept his invitation with care. The responsibility as to whether you do in fact overtake is yours.

How about a thank-you signal to express appreciation for the courtesy of other road users? If you raise your left hand after overtaking, the driver you have passed can see the salute through your rear window. Alternatively, your front-seat passenger can raise an arm.

More thank-you signals would leave drivers in a happier frame of mind, to the benefit of all concerned.

When child road-users show courtesy, as many of them do, make special efforts to acknowledge it. A child encouraged in good road manners is certainly a worthwhile investment for the future.

Compiled in co-operation with the Institute of Advanced Motorists. A non-profit-making organization, its object is to improve the standard of driving and to promote road safety. Its address is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

leaving the office early, to fit himself up with the necessary paraphernalia. He let himself go. Easel, canvases, tube after tube of paint, brushes, turpentine—what had been intended as a few parcels became bulky packages necessitating a taxi.

It all added to the excitement, though. He must play his part thoroughly. The assistant in the shop, fired by his customer's ardour, kept adding to the list of paints; and, as Fenton handled the tubes of colour and read the names, there was something intensely satisfying about the purchase, and he allowed himself to be reckless, the very words chrome and sienna and terre-verte going to his head like wine.

Finally he tore himself away from temptation, and climbed into a taxi with his wares. Number eight Boulting Street; the unaccustomed address added spice to the adventure.

It was strange but, as the taxi drew up at its destination, the row of villas no longer appeared so drab. It was true that yesterday's wind had dropped, the sun was shining fitfully, and there was a hint in the air of April and longer days to come; but that was not the point. The point was that Number eight had something of expectancy about it.

Fenton paid his driver and carried the packages from the taxi. He saw that the dark blinds in the basement had been removed and makeshift curtains, tangerine-coloured and a

shock to the eye, hung in their place. Even as he noted this, the curtains were pulled back and the woman, the child in her arms, its face smeared with jam, waved up at him.

The taxi drove away, and the woman came to greet him.

"Johnnie and I have been watching for you the whole afternoon," she said. "Is that all you've brought?"

"All? Isn't it enough?" he laughed.

She helped him carry the things down the basement stair and, as he glanced into the kitchen, he saw that an attempt had been made to tidy it, besides the hanging of the curtains, and a cloth, laid for tea, had been spread on the table.

"You'll never believe the dust there was in your room," she said. "I was working there till nearly midnight."

"You shouldn't have done that," he told her. "It's not worth it, for the time."

She stopped before the door and looked at him, the blank look returning to her face. "It's not for long, then?" she faltered. "I somehow thought, from what you said yesterday, it would be for some weeks."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," he said swiftly. "I meant that I shall make such a devil of a mess anyway, with these paints, there was no need to dust."

Relief was plain. She summoned a smile and opened the door. "Welcome, Mr. Sims," she said.

He had to give her her due. She had

worked. The room did look different. Smelt different, too. No more leaking gas, but carbolic instead. The black-out strip had vanished from the window. She had even got someone in to repair the broken glass. The cat's bed—the packing-case—had gone. There was a table now against the wall, and two little rickety chairs, and an armchair also, covered with the same fearful tangerine material he had observed in the kitchen windows. Above the mantelpiece, bare yesterday, she had hung a large, brightly coloured reproduction of a Madonna and Child, with an almanac beneath. The eyes of the Madonna, ingratiating, demure, smiled at Fenton.

"Well . . ." he began, "well, bless me. . . ." And to conceal his emotion, because it was really very touching that the wretched woman had taken so much trouble on what was probably one of her last days on this earth, he turned away and began untying his packages.

"Let me help you, Mr. Sims," she said, and before he could protest she was down on her knees struggling with the knots, unwrapping the paper and fixing the easel for him.

THEN together they emptied the boxes of all the tubes of colour and laid them out in rows on the table, and stacked the canvases against the wall. It was amusing, like playing some absurd game and curiously she entered into the spirit of it although remaining perfectly serious at the same time.

"And what are you going to paint first?" she asked, when all was fixed and even a canvas set up upon the easel. "You had some subject in mind, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I've a subject in mind." He began to smile, her faith in him was so supreme, and suddenly she smiled too and said: "I've guessed. I've guessed your subject."

He felt himself go pale. How had she guessed? What was she driving at?

"What do you mean, you've guessed?" he asked sharply.

"It's Johnnie, isn't it, you've got in mind?"

He could not possibly kill the child before the mother—what an appalling

NEXT WEEK

Who has the right to push you around?

TWO COMPLETE STORIES

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A riotous cockney adventure
by **PATRICK RYAN**



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they're full size"

"You have a Player's

BACHELOR

I smoke them for

taste and flavour"



bc79q

They're good-very good!

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The alibi

continued from page 30

suggestion. And why was she trying to push him into it like this? There was time enough, and anyway his plan was not yet formed. . . .

He brought himself back to reality with an effort. She was talking of painting, of course.

"You're a clever woman," he said. "Yes, Johnnie's my subject."

"He'll be good, he won't move," she said. "Do you want him now?"

"No, no," Fenton replied testily. "I've got to think it all out."

Her face fell. She seemed disappointed.

"Then let me give you a cup of tea," she said, and to save argument he followed her into the kitchen. There he sat himself down on the chair she drew forward for him, and drank tea and ate sandwiches, watched by the unflinching eyes of the grubby little boy.

"Da . . ." uttered the child suddenly, and put out its hand.

"He calls all men Da," said his mother, "though his own father took no notice of him."

FENTON forced a polite smile. Children embarrassed him. He went on eating his sandwiches and sipping his tea.

The woman sat down and joined him, stirring her tea in an absent way until it must have been cold and unfit to drink.

"It's nice to have someone to talk to," she said. "Do you know, until you came, Mr. Sims, I was so alone. . . . The empty house above, no workmen, even, passing in and out. And this is not a good neighbourhood—I have no friends at all."

Better and better, he thought. There'll be nobody to miss her when she's gone. It would have been a tricky thing to get away with had the rest of the house been inhabited. As it was, it could be done at any time of the day and no one the wiser.

Poor kid, she could not be more than twenty-six or seven; what a life she must have led.

... he just went off without a word," she was saying. "Three years only we had been in this country, and we moved from place to place with no settled job. We were in Manchester at one time, Johnnie was born in Manchester."

"Awful spot," he sympathized, "never stops raining."

"I told him: 'You've got to get work,'" she continued, banging her fist on the table, acting the moment over again. "I said: 'We can't go on like this. It's no life for me, or for your child.' And, Mr. Sims, there was no money for the rent. What was I to say to the landlord when he called? And then, being aliens here, there is always some fuss with the police."

"Police?" said Fenton, startled.

"The papers," she explained, "there

is such trouble with our papers. You know how it is, we have to register. Mr. Sims, my life has not been a happy one, not for many years. In Austria I was a servant for a time to a bad man. I had to run away. I was only sixteen then, and when I met my husband, who was not my husband then, it seemed at last that there might be some hope if we got to England. . . ."

She droned on, watching him and stirring her tea the while, and her voice, with its slow German accent, rather pleasing and lilting to the ear, was somehow soothing and a pleasant accompaniment to his thoughts, mingling with the ticking of the alarm clock on the dresser and the thumping of the little boy's spoon upon his plate. It was delightful to remind himself that he was not in the office, and not at home either, but was Marcus Sims the artist, surely a great artist, in colour at least in premeditated crime; and here was his victim putting her life into his hands, looking upon him, in fact, almost as her saviour—as indeed he was.

"It's queer," she said slowly, "yesterday I did not know you. Today I tell you my life. You are my friend."

"Your sincere friend," he said, patting her hand. "I assure you it's the truth." He smiled and pushed back his chair.

She reached for his cup and saucer and put them in the sink, then wiped the child's mouth with the sleeve of her jumper. "And now, Mr. Sims," she

CONTENTMENT—2

My motto is "Contented with little, yet wishing for more."

Charles Lamb

said, "which would you prefer to do first? Come to bed, or paint Johnnie?"

He stared at her. Come to bed? Had he heard correctly?

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

She stood patiently, waiting for him to move.

"It's for you to say, Mr. Sims," she said. "It makes no difference to me. I'm at your disposal."

He felt his neck turn slowly red and the colour mount to his face and forehead. There was no doubt about it, no misunderstanding the half-smile she now attempted, and the jerk of her head towards the bedroom. The poor wretched girl was making him some sort of offer, she must believe that he actually expected . . . wanted. . . . It was appalling.

"My dear Madame Kaufman," he began—somehow the Madame sounded





"No more for me, thanks"

better than Mrs., and it was in keeping with her alien nationality—"I am afraid there is some error."

"Please?" she said, puzzled. "You don't have to be afraid. No one will come. And I will tie up Johnnie."

It was preposterous. Tie up that little boy. . . . Nothing he had said to her could possibly have made her misconstrue the situation. Yet to show his natural anger and leave the house would mean the ruin of all his plans.

"It's . . . it's extremely kind of you, Madame Kaufman," he said. "I do appreciate your offer. It's most generous of you. The fact is, unfortunately, I've been totally incapacitated for many years . . . an old war wound. . . . I've had to put all that sort of thing out of my life long ago. Indeed, all my efforts go into my art, my painting. . . ."

He searched for further words to extricate himself. She shrugged her shoulders. There was neither relief nor disappointment on her face. What was to be, would be.

"That's all right, Mr. Sims," she said. "I thought perhaps you were lonely. I know what loneliness can be. And you are so kind. If at any time you feel you would like. . . ."

"Oh, I'll tell you immediately," he interrupted swiftly. "No question of that. But, alas, I'm afraid. . . . Well now, to work, to work." And he smiled again, making some show of bustle, and opened the door of the kitchen. Thank heaven she had buttoned up the cardigan which she had so disastrously started to undo.

She lifted the child from his chair and proceeded to follow him.

"I HAVE always wanted to see a real artist at work," she said to him, "and now, lo and behold, my chance has come. Johnnie will appreciate this when he is older. Now, where would you like me to put Johnnie, Mr. Sims? Shall he stand or sit? What pose would be best?"

It was too much. From the frying-pan into the fire. Fenton was exasperated. The woman was trying to bully him. He could not possibly have her hanging about like this. If that horrid little boy had to be disposed of then his mother must be out of the way.

"Never mind the pose," he said testily. "I'm not a photographer. And if there is one thing I cannot bear, it's being watched when I work. Put Johnnie there, on the chair. I suppose he'll sit still?"

"I'll fetch the strap," she said, and while she went back to the kitchen he stared moodily at the canvas. He must do something about it, that was evident. Fatal to leave it blank. She would not understand. She would begin to suspect something was wrong.

He lifted one or two tubes of paint and squeezed out blobs of colour on to the pallet. Raw sienna . . . Naples

yellow. . . . Good names they gave these things. He and Edna had been to Siena once, years ago, when they were first married. Naples yellow. They had never got as far as Naples. Pity they had not travelled more. They had fallen into a rut, always going up to Scotland, but Edna did not care for the heat. Azure blue . . . made you think of the deepest, or was it the clearest, blue? Lagoons in the South Seas and flying-fish. How jolly the blobs of colour looked. . . .

"So . . . be good, Johnnie," Fenton looked up.

THE woman had secured the child to the chair and was patting the top of his head. "If there is anything you want you have only to call, Mr. Sims."

"Thank you, Madame Kaufman."

She crept out of the room, closing the door softly. The artist must not be disturbed. The artist must be left alone with his creation.

"Da," said Johnnie suddenly.

"Be quiet," said Fenton sharply.

He was breaking a piece of charcoal in two. He had read somewhere that artists drew in the head first with charcoal. He adjusted the broken end between his fingers, and pursing his lips drew a circle, the shape of a full moon, upon the canvas. Then he stepped back and half closed his eyes. The odd thing was that it did look like the rounded shape of a face without the features. . . .

The child was watching him, his eyes large.

© Daphne du Maurier, 1959

NEXT WEEK: *The growing fear of Anna Kaufman.*

"The Alibi" is from the book "The Breaking Point," by Daphne du Maurier, published by Gollancz this month at 15s.

Answers to Everybody's Puzzling

See page 28

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

Equal shares of 8 plus 7 sandwiches among three people will give 5 sandwiches to each. Then Pete has had 3 sandwiches from Jack and 2 from Sam. So Jack should receive 1s. 6d. and Sam should receive 1s. from the 2s. 6d.

QUIZZLE

The quotation: Under the bludgeonings of chance my head is bloody but unbowed. —Henry.

Clue Down: The Palace of Holyrood House. Clues Across: (A) Teuton; (B) Hypodermic; (C) Eldritch; (D) Prefab; (E) Alluvium; (F) Ludgate; (G) Acorn; (H) Carrion; (I) Egress; (J) Oboe; (K) Full-face; (L) Ha-ha; (M) Ordinance; (N) Lamprey; (O) Yashmak; (P) Retrograde; (Q) Omnibus; (R) Obbligato; (S) Doodle; (T) Hybrid; (U) Osculate; (V) Ukelele; (W) Shjnbone; (X) Empowered.

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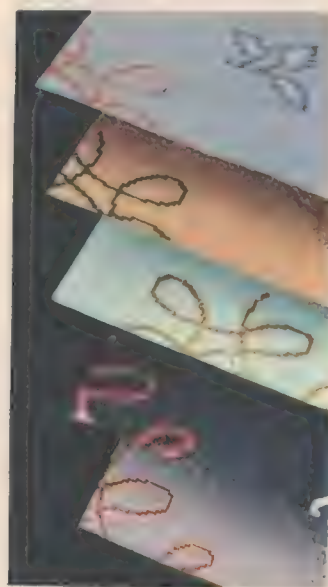
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Falling for Milly

continued from page 22

two seasons—had scored 53 out of a possible 54.

"Can I try?" asked Dackerman.

Everybody was delighted, including a smiling Bill Croop. But Dackerman's first ball knocked down all nine. So did his second and third. His fourth and fifth put down all nine pins.

"Quiet, everybody," implored Charlie Rainbird.

Dackerman's last ball went true down the centre. The stallholder rushed to get the little pig from its crate and hand it to the lieutenant. The photographers flocked.

"Hey, there, Milly," exhorted Colonel Strindberg, "can't you get in there and kiss the winner?"

THAT evening Lieutenant Dackerman had to dine at The Hall with the bishop and the notabilities. Afterwards the air commodore escorted him to the inn. There the darts match which was an important part of the celebrations had already begun, but the correspondents had started a dice game at the other end of the saloon.

"Hi, there, Commodore," cried the television man. "Come on down."

The air commodore eyed the floor reluctantly. Then he saw the handsome magazine girl down there on her knees beside the television man, the dice in one pretty hand and a flushed look on her face.

"Show me what to do, then," he said briskly, crouching.

Left alone, Lieutenant Dackerman wandered over to the door. Milly wandered over to join him.

"Sure is a lovely moon tonight," the lieutenant said. "Let's go lean on that rail and look at it, huh?"

Milly nodded and off they went.

"Now, where'd we get to?" asked Lieutenant Dackerman.

"You were going to tell me about Broadway."

Dackerman led Milly towards a bench overshadowed by honeysuckle. "Well, it's this way . . ." he began.

Next morning, after breakfast, Lieutenant Dackerman went for a walk, tailing behind him a crowd of children with autograph albums. He crossed the green to the refreshment tent where Mrs. Whitebait was mixing in huge enamel jugs her special drink for the dance that evening; lemon and cowslip essence to which she would later add a couple of bottles, she told him, of dandelion wine. The lieutenant went back to the inn, where Milly brought him a small glass of special ale.

"All those wonderful things you told me last night," she murmured, snuggling beside him.

"SOMETHING I've got to tell you about all that," said Dackerman awkwardly. "I've got a sort of confession."

At that moment, however, Charlie Rainbird shouted from the cellar for Milly to give him a hand with the beer pipes. While she was away, Bill Croop came in and said to Dackerman: "Now, Lieutenant, I've nowt against you, see? But I'm telling you to lay off Milly."

"Ain't making no promises."

"Oh, you ain't! Well, if you know what's good for you. . . ."

"Nor listening to no threats, neither," said Dackerman.

The correspondents, yawning sleepily, now came down with their typewriters, and when Milly reappeared

she was kept busy serving drinks. Bill Croop said he'd have a pint of mild, but Milly pointed out they were not yet open—all these people were staying in the hotel.

"He isn't!" said Bill, pointing at Dackerman.

"But he's a guest of the village."

Bill Croop, swearing nastily, took himself off in disgust. Lieutenant Dackerman was just settling down to talk to Milly when there was a roar of jeep engines. Looking from the window, he cried: "It's my squadron."

He ran out, Milly after him, to greet six young pilots. "Hiya, Shorty. 'Lo there, Danny. You men all got passes?"

"Hiya, Al. Sure we got passes. Are all the girls here pretty as that one?"

Almost blushing, Dackerman introduced Milly. Bill Croop, returning for his beer, scowled and went into the bar. The pilots slapped Dackerman on the back and offered him cigars. The air commodore arrived and invited them all up to The Hall for lunch.

On the way over to The Hall, Dackerman led his friends past the refreshment tent. "Going to be a dance here

CONTENTMENT—3

One who is contented with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do.

Bovéc

tonight, and some kind of card game in that hut."

"What's in these big pitchers?" asked Shorty.

"Some damn drink the Rev. Whitebait's wife's cooked up for everybody. Lemon and cowslip, she says, and she'll lace it with dandelions later."

Shorty, sipping, made a face. "If we have to drink it, let's make it drinkable."

The six young pilots took out their flat bottles of rum and poured it all in.

The afternoon slipped by quietly enough. In the vicarage the bishop was saying, approvingly: "I can see you have go-ahead ideas, Whitebait." In the refreshment tent Mrs. Whitebait tipped her dandelion wine into the jugs, tasted, and told her assistant, Miss Lorimer, that she thought it would be a success this year.

That evening the vicar and the bishop strolled out on to the green and approached the refreshment tent in which Miss Lorimer, hat askew, was serving Mrs. Whitebait's mixture to an hilarious crowd.

"Come and taste, Bishop," she called merrily. "It's the tops—isn't it, Prudence?"

Mrs. Whitebait, reclining on a wooden chair, nodded, closed her eyes and went to sleep. The bishop tasted, glanced sharply at Miss Lorimer, and asked the vicar: "Do you always serve rum punch at your whist-drives?"

He strode into the hall, where an argument was going on about trumps and marked cards.

The bishop regarded Mr. Whitebait for a long moment.

"I suggest," he said at last and very coldly, "that you consider seriously

DACHSIE





your position as pastor of these unhappy people." And he stalked out.

Then the dancing began on the green. Fortified by Mrs. Whitebait's mixture, the band was an extra hot combination, to whose melodies the boys and girls jived wildly while, on a bench under the oak tree, Lieutenant Dackerman was telling Milly: "You're the prettiest girl I ever did meet. But, hon, I've got a confession."

But Milly was tapping her foot to the beat of the music.

"Al," she said, "let's dance."

The dance grew wilder and wilder. On the edge of the dancing enclosure, Bill Croop and some friends watched morosely. In his study, Mr. Whitebait was telephoning. "I want to speak to Colonel Strindberg. It's urgent."

Holding Milly close as they danced, Lieutenant Dackerman murmured: "I ain't never been to New York."

Milly drew her head back in astonishment. "But you said..."

"I know I did, hon," Dackerman admitted miserably. "You seemed so set on me being a city feller. But I ain't practically never been in any sort of city. I got drafted straight from North Carolina, from just a little place. Your village'd be a town in my county."

Milly separated herself from him, stopped dancing and declared angrily: "Al Dackerman, you're a cheat!"

"Sure am," he unhappily agreed.

Suddenly he was seized from behind. "Insulting a lady, eh?" demanded Bill Croop.

And he hit Dackerman on the jaw.

Milly shrieked. Lieutenant Dackerman picked himself up and sprang at Croop. All the girls shrieked. Everybody except Miss Lorimer stopped dancing.

"Hey, what gives?" asked one of the American airmen.

The blacksmith's apprentice bashed him on the nose. In no time, all the village lads were in there fighting. The Americans fought back.

Then a jeepload of Snowdrops, arriving from Stark Mallowing at the vicar's plea, swept up to the green. The military policemen leaped out, striking indiscriminately, hoisting the airmen into the jeep, which at once drove rapidly away.

Lieutenant Dackerman just managed to wave to the forlorn Milly. Bill

Croop remarked: "Well, that's rid of that lot, thank goodness." But Milly turned on him sharply. "That's right, gloat! Oh, how I hate all of you."

Then, since everything seemed to be over, the people dispersed, and the only one left was Miss Lorimer, dancing contentedly by herself.

Next morning Colonel Strindberg came over, just as the people were emerging from church, somewhat depressed by the vicar's sermon. When Milly saw him she ran out without even powdering her nose, which was red from weeping.

A SMALL crowd gathered, and Colonel Strindberg addressed them. "The boys got a little high last night," he admitted, "but their appreciation of your warm human gesture's as great as ever. In token of which..." He pointed dramatically to the treetops, across which the squadron was flying in formation. "Lieutenant Dackerman, U.S. Air Force, leads his squadron to dip in salute to you."

As he spoke, the aircraft put down their noses in a shallow dive and pulled up again. All except the leader...

"Good God!" cried the air commodore, "his engine's cut again."

They watched in horror as the pilot strove to lift his aircraft clear of the church, but it sliced the top off the steeple and was flung sharply towards The Hall.

"Look out," shouted Charlie Rainbird, but the chimneys were severed as though by a knife. The aircraft took the roof off the inn, and came to rest with a crash on Fred Calder's greenhouses.

"They'll courtmartial him for this," declared Colonel Strindberg angrily.

"At any rate," murmured Mr. Whitebait, gazing at the ruins of the loveliest steeple in Essex, "we'll not have to have him here again."

Then everybody began running, but well ahead of them all ran Milly.

"Al," she desperately cried, "Are you all right, Al darling?"

Dackerman clambered shakily from the wreck and said: "Sure, I'm okay."

Milly flung herself into his arms, kissing him wildly. A beautiful smile came over the lieutenant's face. Then he fainted.

THE END

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Would you refuse to help a policeman?

continued from page 9

at Birmingham Assizes by Mr. Justice Streetfield, who directed the jury to acquit her.

"I have to consider whether the whole conduct of the interview," said the judge, "was such as to be calculated to reduce this woman to a state where she was willing to accede to any suggestion made to her. I have no hesitation in saying it was of that description."

During last year two chief constables were suspended and one was jailed for fraud.

Every police scandal undermines public confidence, and can lessen the public's willingness to help policemen dealing with trouble. But experienced police officers think that such misdemeanours are not a major issue in the public mind. The number of men dismissed or required to resign from the service is steady every year at about one in a thousand officers.

Afraid to help

Policemen prefer to believe that the public reluctance to help them has other causes. One of them is fear.

In Glasgow last summer Constables William Hazelton and Bernard Thomson tried to disperse a midnight skiffle group of thirty people drinking and jiving on a street corner. They were attacked, and within minutes Thomson was unconscious in the middle of a crowd who were kicking him, smashing full beer-bottles on his head, and sending for more bottles.

He told the High Court later: "When I came round I did not know where I was. Then I heard people shouting, 'You're going to die, you will never see another day.' My head was being kicked and my body was being kicked, there must have been dozens taking a kick at me. I thought I was going to die."

At least two hundred people were watching the fight now, and no one interfered except a coloured book-maker's runner who pleaded with the attackers that the police had had enough.

Constable Hazelton managed to drag his comrade up a stair in another street and into a first-floor flat where he was given a hatchet to defend himself before the man and his wife occupying the flat both collapsed. The policemen were finally saved by reinforcements who had to follow their trail of blood to find them.

Constable William Sommerville, first of the rescuers, appealed to the crowd, which he estimated at between two and three hundred. "I tried to get one or two people to tell me where the constables were," he said, "but the people

did not want to tell me anything at all."

Detective-Constable William Earl said that, when he was making inquiries into the crime, "people were quite obviously afraid to talk. They were afraid of their lives."

The police admit that, in certain parts of the country, people will not co-operate with them because they are afraid of reprisals from criminal gangs. As a classic example, they recall the incredible blindness which afflicted the inhabitants of Soho during the famous fight-that-never-was.

The police failure to break through gang intimidation does not affect people every day in every town. Two other national trends do, and both of them are diminishing the prestige of the police.

The first is the swelling pay packet of the worker, who has financially outstripped the man on the beat. The policeman's safe job and certain pension no longer give him the prestige

CONTENTMENT—4

Contentment is simply refined
indolence.

T. C. Haliburton

he had between the wars. This particularly affects the attitude of youngsters who often have more spending money in their pockets than the policeman.

Constables and sergeants, who in the main receive between £9 and £15 a week, believe they have lost the respect of millions of workers who are better off than they. "What's a forty-shilling fine to me?" boasted a builder's labourer to a policeman locking him up for drunkenness. "I can work it off in an evening's overtime. How long must you work for £2?"

The second trend is towards a "soft" popular psychology about crime and punishment. "The idea that crime is a disease rather than the responsibility of the criminal," said a London inspector, "gives the public a loaded sympathy with the criminal and against the police."

This sympathy is often heightened by the visible power of the modern police machine. The flat-footed Victorian copper commanded public sympathy more easily than the men who cruise in high-speed radio cars, and command the services of laboratories capable of marvels of detection.

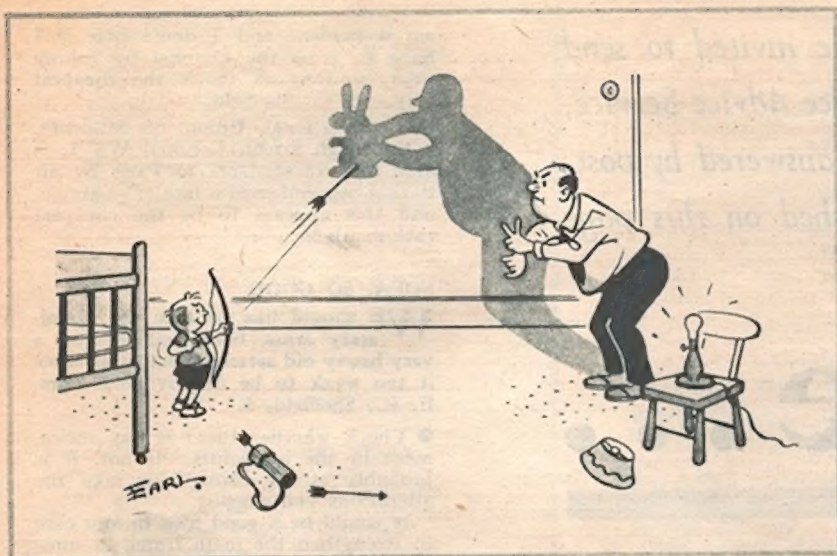
When, after one of his jail-breaks, the convict Hinds was identified by an

ARE YOU HONEST?

Your answers to the questions on page 12 should be scored as follows:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. (a) 5. (b) 10. (c) 0. | 6. (a) 5. (b) 10. |
| 2. (a) 0. (b) 10. | 7. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 0. |
| 3. (a) 5. (b) 10. (c) 0. | 8. (a) 0. (b) 0. (c) 5. (d) 10. |
| 4. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 0. | 9. (a) 5. (b) 0. (c) 0. (d) 10. |
| 5. (a) 10. (b) 10. (c) 5. (d) 0. | 10. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 5. |

It has been said that social life depends on lies and hypocrisy. In fact it thrives only because most of the time most people can trust other people's honesty. At the same time a little compromise occurs as an easy way out of trouble. The completely, disarmingly honest person scoring 90-100 is undoubtedly morally supreme, but he may hurt others while protecting his own virtue of honesty. Anyone with a score of 75-85 will delight bank managers, hire purchase investigators and department store detectives. They are honest in all but trivial ways. 70 and below: you are in danger of failing to distinguish between white lies and black; duplicity and discretion.



air hostess at Bristol and arrested before he could fly to Dublin, the girl said: "I feel rather mean. I would rather it had not been me."

Another escaped convict, "Foxy" Fowler, after being recaptured, was applauded from the public gallery when he appeared in court. "Imagine how the prestige of the police as the servants of the public suffers during demonstrations like that," one police inspector commented.

"Soft" theories about the punishment of offenders govern the behaviour of the constable on the beat and particularly affect the attitude of young people to them.

"Today the youngsters, the eighteens and nineteens, are our problem," says a senior officer in Cardiff. "They have lost all respect for law and order and they have no fear of the police officer at all. They believe that if a policeman lays his hand on them they have only to make a complaint or take out a summons."

A constable on the beat confirmed this. "Many of them say the same thing—'Lay a finger on me, copper, and I'll cross-summons you for assault. They even tell you they'll get legal aid to prosecute you.'"

One other major factor hangs like a

brooding shadow over public-police relationships. Many people divide police activity into two spheres: fighting crime and enforcing regulations. They are willing to help the former, but often hinder the latter.

Dialling 999

Where people have decided to co-operate, crimes against persons and property are being increasingly checked by fast-growing use of the 999 telephone system. In 1958 calls from private persons in London, totalling about 200,000, resulted in 14,000 arrests—compared to 9,000 in 1954.

But for every Sidney Bache who is willing to support the police, there is still a bus-load of passengers, content to sit and stare dully through the windows. And many policemen feel that this mood begins with resentment over minor offences, such as betting or motoring, and continues into more serious spheres.

"I get one hundred per cent co-operation from the public over a murder or a child assault," says a senior police officer in Liverpool. "But I get no help over betting. And once the public has decided that the law is a farce, its operation is impossible." THE END

This is what's biting you

continued from page 13

shining eyes and striking markings, though these fade after death.

Opposite my house is a field where heifers often graze. Frequently in the summer months they suddenly throw up their tails and race, jumping and kicking, round and round.

Seeing this once, a lady visitor was charmed and said how she adored seeing young things sporting and gambolling. I did not disillusion her by explaining that it was not joy of life but horse-flies that made them act like that.

Cattle are the chief victims, but, as many farm labourers know to their cost, human beings are by no means immune. The horse-fly's lancets are in keeping with its size and when they go into the flesh in search of blood only a stoic could avoid crying out.

In Portuguese East Africa I once had to endure in silence a simultaneous attack from three horse-flies while trying to photograph a rare antelope. The slightest sound or abrupt movement would have frightened the animal. The lancets went through my thick drill shirt like bradaws and blood flowed freely from the punctures.

Another hazard of the countryside—and gardens—is the ant. Ants both bite and sting, but luckily those scourges of other countries, the Fire, Matabele, Bulldog and Driver, are absent here.

Unlike many other biting insects, ants have no desire for human blood. They bite in defence of their nest, though some do appear to do so from sheer savagery.

All these insects make a swift attack on human beings and then leave them

—predators, they are called. The flea is in another class, a parasite which aims to live permanently on its host. But it sometimes becomes a predator.

Most animals have their special flea. There is a dog flea and a cat flea, a rabbit, rat and hedgehog flea, and so on. There is also, of course, a human flea.

These fleas keep to their natural hosts. The cat flea, for instance, will not live on the dog. But under special circumstances, such as the death of the host, the flea will settle temporarily on another species of host.

Rabbit fleas may be found on a dog that has killed a rabbit, or rat fleas on a cat, while a sportsman may entertain rabbit or other fleas, and a poultry-keeper chicken fleas.

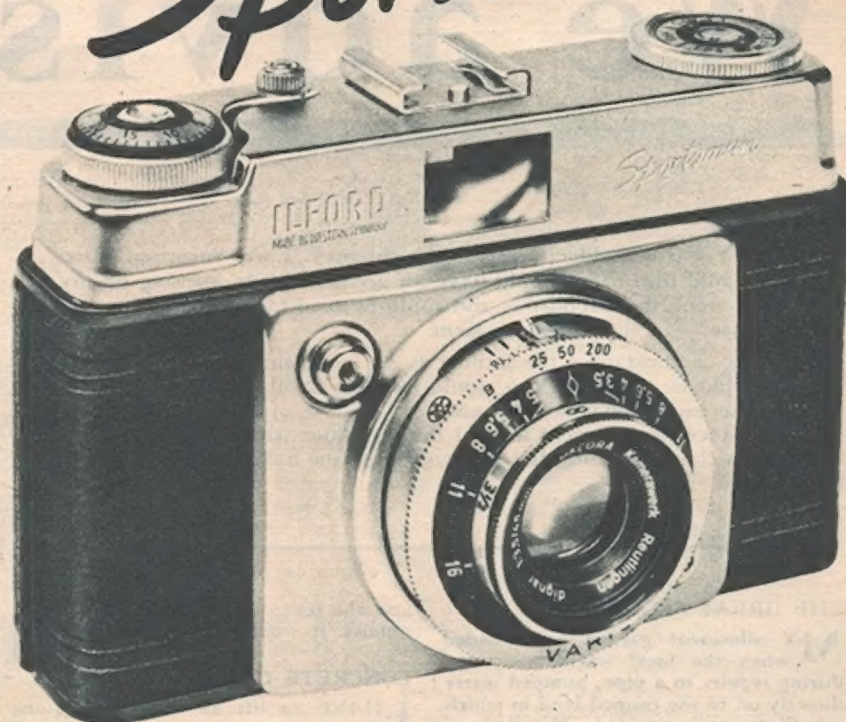
This temporary stop-over of the flea has frequently proved catastrophic for mankind. Bubonic plague is a fatal disease of rats. It is also a fatal disease of man. The rat harbours the rat flea and when the rat dies of plague its cooling body forces the fleas to seek another host.

If the host happens to be a human being the fleas will make only a temporary stay—but while they are there they will bite and pass on the plague.

The bubonic plagues of the East have appeared in Europe on several occasions. In the Great Plague of London in 1664-65, 70,000 of 460,000 inhabitants died.

The rabbit disease, myxomatosis, is conveyed in Britain by fleas. Had man been susceptible to this disease, as he is to bubonic plague, what an outbreak there would have been in Britain in 1955! THE END

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

EMPLOYING a builder to repair my chimney, I was surprised when I was told that if he should have an accident while working on my property I would be responsible and could be sued for compensation. Is this the case?—L. R., Chatham, Kent.

● In these circumstances the builder is an independent contractor and not an employee of yours. You would have no liability for an accident, unless it was caused by your negligence.

For instance, if you were to lend him a ladder which you knew was defective without pointing that out, you would be liable for any accident thus caused.

THE GREAT FLOOD

MY allotment garden was flooded when the local water company, during repairs to a pipe, pumped water directly on to the council land in which my allotment is situated. Many of my crops have been ruined. Can I claim reimbursement?—J. H. W., Greenford, Middlesex.

● If the water company negligently pumped water on to your land and thereby damaged your crops, they would be liable to pay compensation. You should assess the value of the damage and make a formal claim against them.

SHORT SHIFT

A SHIFT-WORKER, I have to sleep during the day and am often disturbed by an ice-cream vendor who stops outside my window and rings a bell for anything up to fifteen minutes at a time. Other than going outside and pushing his cornets down his throat is there anything I can do to stop this nuisance?—T. S. R., Liverpool.

● Under the Town Police Clauses Act the police have power to prosecute anyone creating a nuisance by calling his wares in the street. You should report the matter to them.

Your town clerk may also be able to take action against the offender.

CLICKETY-KNICK

IS it legal for housey-housey to be played in clubs for money?—L. P., Maidstone, Kent.

● The game of housey-housey has been ruled to be a gambling game and is therefore illegal, unless played for charitable purposes. If you permit it to be played in a club either by members or visitors you will be liable to prosecution.

Any games in which the element of chance exceeds the element of skill are gambling games and it is illegal to play them for money.

GRATE FIX

I LET my cottage to a tenant who installed a tiled grate without permission. Now he is leaving and informs me that he is taking the grate with him. Can he do this? The original grate was of the cottage-range type.—C. H. D., Coleford, Glos.

● If the grate is permanently fixed to the structure of the house it will be regarded as being a landlord's fixture

and the tenant would have no right to remove it without your consent.

CONCRETE CASE

I HAVE to lift an uneven flagstone floor and lay a new cement one. I have received conflicting advice about materials. What quantities and mixture would be right for this job?—A. V. D., Newport, Mon.

● The usual proportions for concrete used in a floor are one part of cement, two parts of fine aggregate, four parts of coarse aggregate.

As a rough guide to the right consistency you should be able to pick up a handful of the concrete and when squeezed it should feel wet, but no water should be exuded.

The quantity depends on whether the

present floor is laid on concrete or not. If it is, you'll need only enough to apply a 1-in. finishing screed.

If not, you will need to fill the space with hardcore and lay approximately 6 in. of site concrete, plus the finishing screed.

Insert bitumen between the site concrete and the screed for waterproofing. This bitumen should be jointed into the existing damp-proof course in the wall.

WHAT'S COOKING?

IS the landlord of a dwelling house obliged to provide some appliance for cooking for the use of a tenant when the property is let unfurnished?—E. W. M., Uppingham, Rutland.

● There is an implied condition in the letting of an unfurnished house that it is fit for human habitation and if it is let in such condition the tenant would have to provide his own cooking facilities unless the landlord agrees to do so.

If, however, the house is already tenanted and is controlled, the Public Health authority could order the landlord to provide cooking facilities if they do not already exist.

CHEAPEST WAY

I AM intending to go to Paris in September, and would like to know the cheapest possible way to get there. I

am a student and I don't care if I have to cross the Channel by fishing boat, so long as that's the cheapest way.—B. C., Sheffield.

● The National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1, is able to take students to Paris by air during September at a fare of £4 single, and this appears to be the cheapest rate available.

SOFA, SO GOOD

WE should like to take the upholstery arms, back and legs off a very heavy old settee. Would this leave it too weak to be of any use?—Mrs. E. R., Sheffield, 6.

● Check whether there is any movement in the leg joints. If not, it is probably strong enough to take the alterations you suggest.

It would be a good idea in any case to strengthen the main frame in some way after you have removed the back and sides.

END IT ALL

ON what grounds is a divorce usually granted? How long does the procedure take?—Mrs. A. E., Aberdare, Glam.

● General grounds for divorce are desertion for three years, adultery, cruelty and incurable insanity.

If there are no unusual delays the approximate time from commencement of proceedings would be six months.

However, this depends on a number of factors, including whether the petition is defended or not.

SPREADING MOSS

I FIND that my lawn is becoming very patchy through spreading moss. What is the cause of this moss and how can I get rid of it?—H. H., Newhall, Staffs.

● Moss on lawns is sometimes caused by faulty drainage and more often by the poverty of the soil.

If drainage is at fault, prick the lawn with a large digging fork and dress with a mixture of sand and sulphate of ammonia, allowing 1 oz. of the latter for a square yard. Rake off what you can of the moss first.

The grass may look blackened for a while, but it will recover.

For poor soil you should apply dressings of one of the proprietary fertilizers now available.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Sticky zip:** When a zip fastener sticks, rub a soft lead pencil up and down the grooves. This coating will make a zipper slide up and down again quite easily. (Mrs. A. Oakley, Cheshire.)

● **Shines as it dries:** A self-feed polish applicator of red Polystyrene used in conjunction with Marley Dry Bright eliminates the hard work of polishing floors. The tin of Dry Bright is screwed into the applicator head and the liquid is fed to a nylon fabric cloth. Once applied, buffing is not necessary: the floor shines as it dries. Suitable for polishing linoleum, vinyl sheet, thermoplastic, hardwood, and almost all floorings. The applicator costs 25s. and a 14-oz. tin of Dry Bright polish costs 3s. 9d. By Marley Floorings, Ltd., Sevenoaks, Kent.

● **Plastic emulsion polish:** This is a new polish effective on linoleum, thermoplastic tiles, rubber, asphalt, sealed cork and wood, which need only be applied with a damp mop. No elbow grease is required as it dries shiny without any rubbing. This anti-slip surface needs only dry or damp mopping to keep it clean. Priced 3s. 9d. for a

16-oz. can. By Ronuk Ltd., Portslade, Sussex.

● **A new rule:** A super-flexible rule which can be used to measure curved or irregular surfaces in addition to straight surfaces has just been introduced. The "True-View" mouth clearly exposes the graduations on either side of the blade, eliminating the possibility of sighting errors on inside measurements. Fitted in a chromium-plated D-shaped case, this Pull-Push rule



can be bent round corners (as shown above) to read down to a diameter of 1 in. Available in 6-ft. and 10-ft. lengths, priced

7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. By Stanley Works (G.B.) Ltd., Rutland Road, Sheffield.

● **Shoe-shine tip:** Prevent spots of shoe polish getting on to the floor or carpet when cleaning shoes, by inserting a disc of perforated zinc into the top of the polish tin. The bristles of the shoe brush can easily penetrate through these and specks of polish will not scatter. (Mr. D. H. Simmons, London.)

● **Loose screws:** When screws on metal appliances work loose through wear, dip the screw in french polish or knotting. Re-insert and you will find that the screw holds in place. (T. Dixon, Blackpool.)

● **Safety tip:** Tie a small bell round the neck of any bottle containing a dangerous liquid. If the label comes off, the ring of the bell will give warning of the dangerous contents. (P. Baxter, Dover.)

If you have a trouble-saving, household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.



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